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MINISTRY OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S FOOD FACTS No. 3

Start now to collect these useful advertisements. Pin them up in your kitchen.

PLEASE make full use of the fruit and vegetables now so plentiful. It is important that we should eat home produce rather than food which has to come from overseas. *Never* waste anything, however small. *Never* eat more than enough. You'll be fitter, you'll save money, you'll make cargo space available for materials of war. *Every time you cook you can help or hinder Hitler!*

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

HEALTH HINT. Among the protective foods, *salads* have a high place. Eat a salad every day while they are so plentiful.

BUTTER PAPER. Always scrape the paper in which butter or margarine has been wrapped. The papers themselves should be saved for greasing baking dishes or covering food while it is cooking in the oven.

REMEMBER that a plate of fresh home-grown fruit (plums for example) makes a refreshing dish. It will save fuel and will help to cut down the nation's consumption of imported food. *You can hear other useful time-and-fuel-saving hints on the wireless each morning at* 8.15.

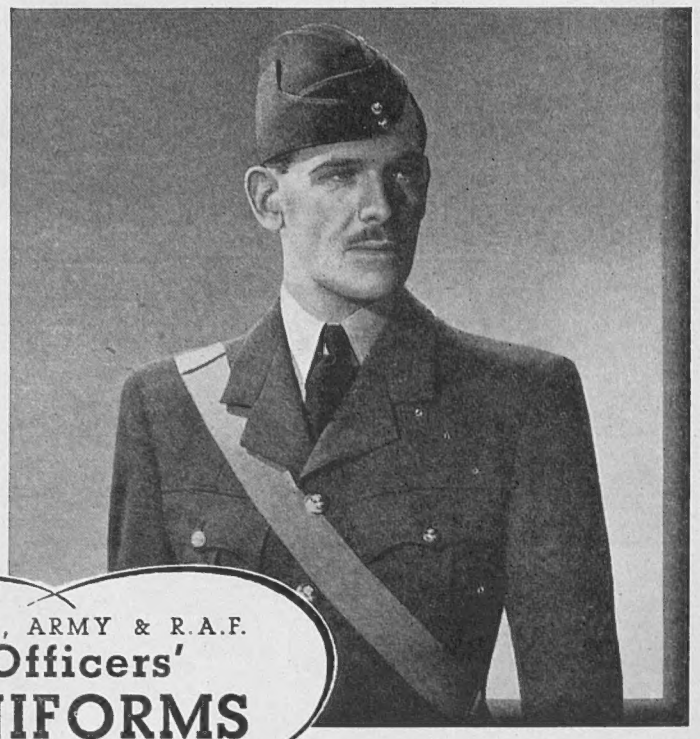
RECIPE for Vegetable Hot-Pot

Prepare and cut into convenient pieces ¼ lb. potatoes, ¼ lb. carrots, ¼ lb. onions and ¼ lb. turnips. Put into a saucepan with a teacupful of hot water, put on the lid, bring to the boil and cook for 15 minutes. Then add a teacupful of shelled peas, ¼ lb. tomatoes and a few sprigs of mint, season with salt and pepper, put on the lid again and cook for 20 minutes more. Strain off the liquid which can be used in preparing a parsley sauce to serve with the vegetables.

Another way: If an ounce of dripping or margarine can be spared it should be melted in the saucepan and the vegetables tossed in it before the water is added to the pan. This much improves the flavour of the hot-pot.

Save food, spare cargo-space, save money!

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1



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Things move very fast in these times—but Moss Bros. are well equipped to keep up with them. From their vast range of ready-to-wear uniforms and equipment, any officer in the Navy, Army or R.A.F. can be correctly outfitted from top to toe, before you could say "there goes the Italian Navy"!—a matter of minutes in fact.

Uniforms can also be made to measure in 48 hours, and this applies also to Officers' Uniforms for all the Women's Services.

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NEGLECTED

MOTHERLESS

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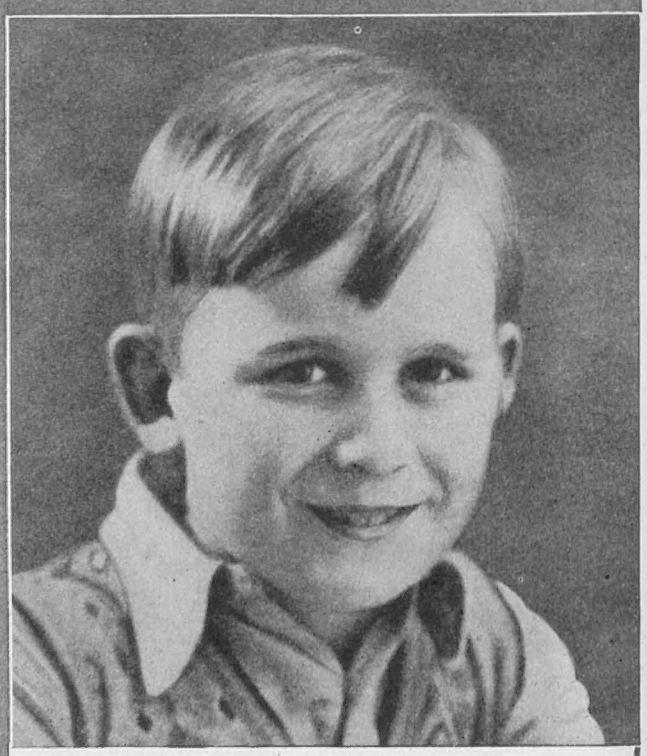


Little lives, once sad, may, with your help, be lifted up where brightness shall follow gloom, and laughter take the place of tears. Children needing care and protection because of the war are daily joining

OUR FAMILY OF 5,000

Gifts gratefully received by the Secretary
OLD TOWN HALL, KENNINGTON, S.E.11

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, August 17, 1940

THE KING WELCOMES HIS INDIAN TROOPS

During the Royal Tour of the Midlands Last Week

His Majesty, accompanied by Queen Elizabeth, visited Indian troops in camp in Derbyshire during a tour of the Midlands last week. The officers and men, who wear a deep-skirted tunic, welcomed the King with the traditional ceremonial of Nazur. Two of the soldiers stood before him, each holding a white cloth. On the first was a piece of gold and on the second a piece of silver. With his right hand the King lightly touched each piece of precious metal to acknowledge acceptance of the gifts, and by raising his hand without taking the gifts, he signified that he remitted them to the givers. Another presentation at the camp consisted of two chupatti, round cakes somewhat resembling the ordinary English pancake, made by the Indian cooks, which were given to the Queen with the request that she would give them to the Princesses

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2d.

A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. 50

32–34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4

NOW OR NEVER?—Before these lines are in print, Hitler may have launched . . . . No, Sir, I can't complete the sentence. We have cried our Wolf, Wolf. Let us wait till it happens. As far as morale goes, we are fully prepared. Materially, no defender was ever yet, nor ever will be, finally, fully and definitely prepared. There is no limit that can be set to perfecting defence or guarding against unforseeable dangers. I hope the attempt will come before I write another "Newsletter," because I believe it will fail. It will be a k.o. for Hitler if it falls short of his success in France. On that basis, hopes of a k.o. for Hitler are soundly based. The blow may not fall (if fall it does) where we most expect it. It may not fall on this island at once. It may come solely from the air at first. It may for some time longer be mainly aimed at our sea-borne trade. It may coincide with a "go" for Gibraltar by, with, or from Spain. Already the Italians are beginning the long hot trek for the other exit from "our rat-hole," the Mediterranean. Let us seek wisdom, or at least knowledge, while we wait. North Africa has been in the picture now a long, long time—ever since the Italian invasion of Abyssinia. I wonder what proportion of educated adults realise that in striking at British Somaliland (Berbera), the Italians are thrusting north-east. I wonder how many could answer blind the following general knowledge questions: (a) What is the distance between Fort Capuzzo and Addis Ababa? (A margin of error of 200 miles will be allowed.) (b) By what means and by what route did Italy supply and relieve her fighting troops in Italian Somaliland before the war? By what means does she do so now? (c) What neutral or enemy countries border on Italian possessions in North Africa? What seas wash their shores respectively? (d) In what territory lies Aden, Gondar, Mersa Matruh, Jibuti, Tobruk. Now, boys, play fair and no cribs.

TIDYING UP THE BALKANS.—He who sups with the Devil needs a long spoon, and he who undertakes to tidy up the Balkan gardens needs outsize, "super" tools. Everything in the Balkan garden is, clearly, not yet lovely for Hitler. The bind-weed riots, the poppies straggle, the Michaelmas daisies are all over the shop, and it is extraordinarily difficult to distinguish between good Nazi vegetable roots and spurious imitative weeds of a baser democratic sort. Of all the maddening tasks ever set a born organiser, that of making the little countries of the Balkans see eye-to-eye, toe a given line, present a united national front, sink their differences, defer their "just demands," or generally proceed with reasonable road discipline to the desired market town—that is the most vexatious and difficult. History is marked with the failures of statesmen who have had a try to straighten out the tangle, but always the baker and the devil pull with a will. You may stun them with a rubber truncheon, or immobilise them temporarily with fair words or bribes, but the effect wears off and the pulling starts again. And why? Because the big neighbouring farmers have never yet succeeded (and I think never will) in co-operating in this particular branch of the industry in which they are all interested. Indeed the Balkan jig-saw is as mixed as my metaphor.

ANNIVERSARIES OF WAR.—Within a month fall two significant anniversaries. We have passed recently the twenty-sixth anniversary of the outbreak of the Great Four Years War, and in a brief space we shall "celebrate" the first anniversary of the outbreak of the present war. What memories, what reflections, these dates arouse in the hearts of middle-aged men! Men in the fifties may justly say that the whole extent of their prime was passed under conditions of war or in the shadow of the setting and the rising suns of war. What (we may perhaps reasonably argue) might we not

A WEDDING MAKES ETON HISTORY: For the first time in 500 years an Eton College Master has married the daughter of a fellow Master. In the chapel at Eton last week-end Mr. Peter Lawrence, younger son of Mr. Aubrey Lawrence, K.C., married Miss Helena Lyttelton, second daughter of the Hon. George and Mrs. Lyttelton, of Warre House, Eton. Mr. Lawrence, the bridegroom, is a science and mathematics master at the College, and Mr. Lyttelton, his father-in-law, is a classics master

have accomplished if we had lived in the age of Gladstone, Tennyson, Thackeray, and all their contemporaries of moderate ability who, between the legs of the giants, carved out for themselves snug and respectable careers in times of (comparative) ease and peace? We were approaching the thirties when our world of easy security collapsed. We are nearing the sixties now in a world utterly changed, and to-day our very existence as a nation hangs in the balance. The men of our kidney—our fathers and grandfathers—were patriots and good citizens, as we claim to be; in character, responsibility and sense of duty they were every whit our equals, but the times they lived in enabled them to work individually as well as nationally. If we had had their chances? But, then, times of war and danger bring chances also. That is true, but the prizes are offered to a smaller class. Men of action, courage, initiative, do not make up the bulk of the successful in times of peace. The prizes of war are more dazzling, but fewer. Are we then, the men of peace whose careers have been handicapped by the times in which we lived, disposed to point the contrast between the conditions in which we lived and our fathers lived and so to account for our failure or their success? I think not. The dead are dead. The living sit in the same boat. History will take note of altered conditions and make due allowances. It is something at least to have lived through this fateful quarter of a century, and not to have been found entirely wanting. It is a feather in our caps if we have not been found out. The values and standards of our fathers have become stranger to us than those of our Elizabethan ancestors, with whom, in the violent evolution of our civilisation, we have to-day far more in common. We have lived out our prime in tragic, often unhappy and always anxious times, but our generation will have its niche in history. Every veteran of these times will wear on his breast the proud ribbon of the 1914-1941 star.

SOMETHING NEW.—The craving for something new to think about and to write about must grow more and more insistent as the days become shorter. Where are we to find it? For more sensation we do not crave. The truth of course is that we have been sated with stirring and startling and tremendous news (nay, even of heroic epics) not for a matter of weeks but indeed of years. The names and doings of Hitler and his lieutenants, of Mussolini and his pimps, of Stalin and his Molotoff cocktail, have been our front page news for longer than we care to recall, for more than five years. For two years at least the expectation of war and war news have crowded out to short paragraphs on back pages all those matters which usually afford lasting interest and sane thinking to newspaper readers. We attach tremendous importance to all details or forecasts of political and economic conditions which affect the progress and duration of the war. Chosen speakers and writers naturally concentrate on war topics since the whole nation is mobilised and engaged on war work of some kind. In a word, every subject on which the radio and the press touch, is, broadly, tinged with the savour of war. It is inevitable, but its very inevitability cuts away the ground from those who argue that there exists a remedy for those who don't want to read or hear about war. It is quite easy (they say): "Don't listen to the wireless and don't read the newspapers."

NO SOLUTION AT PRESENT.—That is no answer. We are deeply interested in the war. If we were not, we should be neutral-minded and to be neutral-minded to-day is to be at the best of it an ineffective and at the worst of it a traitor. But the fact remains that human nature does not change with changing conditions. Our bodies (and souls perhaps) are transformed and even adapted to war conditions. *Still*, we need solid, permanent food for the mind, still we need variety and change in diet. And it is difficult to find that solid fare and that variety of diet in current journalism. That very difficulty underlines the problem which faces those of us whose job in life it is to write for the press. Journalism relies on journalism. Every journalist owes a debt to his brother journalist. Few publicists are so "original," so full of ideas, that they can claim to owe nothing to the ideas and expressed thoughts of others. To-day (and in all wars) the springs of constructive thinking have dried up to a great extent, and all such efforts and experiments are turned to war, that is, to ephemeral and destructive objects. It is not so easy to say that escape and variety must be found in falling back on the past. So vivid is the light which plays on the present that the past is dim and even dingy. We dismiss it and all its once attractive features with the sad reflection that it has lost its savour, that "all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death," while the future is an uncut book whose pages we dare not, have not the heart to, open. We can expect no solution this side of November. We are keyed up to meet a tremendous assault on this island which may fall in a few hours, and until that assault is beaten off or indefinitely postponed, we cannot hope for relief. But when that issue is decided one way or the other, the problem will become one of such vital importance that it should engage the best brains of the Government. It will be essential before Christmas comes that a small but brilliant body of men and women, now wholly engaged in the war effort, be diverted to the task of reviving and fostering the arts of peace, if we are to save the nation's soul alive for the reconstruction of a life worth living when the war is over.

WEARING THE GUARDS' TIE.—The question of issuing a tie to all members of the Home Guard is engaging the earnest attention of the authorities. I scratched my head when I read this announcement. It was surely a misprint; but what was the perverted original? Could it be "pie" (which would be more useful) or "lie" (which would be a raw deal) or "tick" (which would be welcomed by platoon and section commanders)? But then I recalled the various landmarks in our evolution to full military honours and I felt compelled to accept the "tie" as no misprint. We began as "privates all," a civilian defence force to be trained on the lines of the burghers of 1900 in South Africa. Since then we have been promised a handful of gadgets, badges of rank, chevrons, stripes, regimental crests, and so on. We pay immense deference to rank. We have learned the general salute, we present arms like clock-work, we submit our bodies and souls to any sergeant-major who remembers still the language of the square. And now we are to wear a guard's tie—not, I take it, in battle-dress, for that is cut too high under the neck, but in our civil employment, in the fields and workshops, or perhaps on Sunday afternoons. I could wish the issue might have been of tin hats or greatcoats or waterproofs all round, or more rifles, ammunition, bombs, machine-guns, etc. But it is a tie, the old school tie. Our old world is not yet dead by any means. I begin to wonder if even this war can kill it.

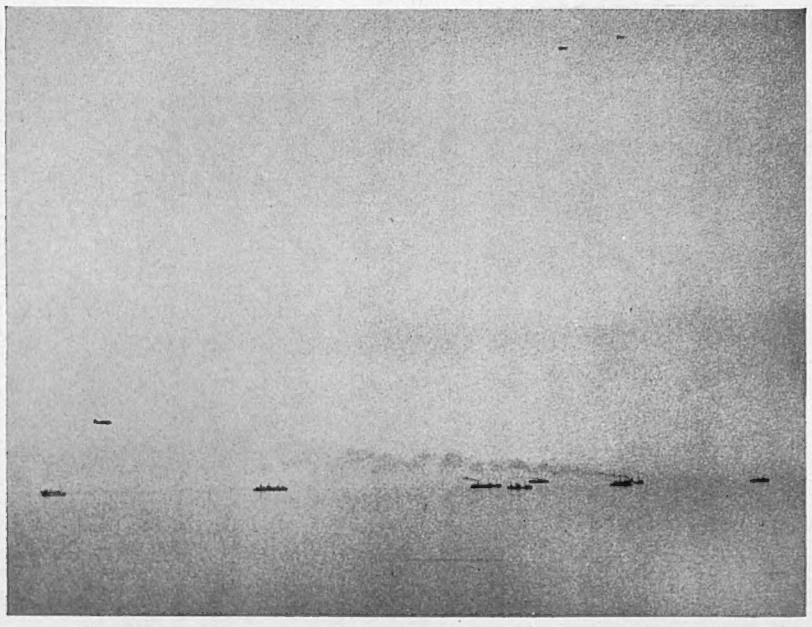
PARASHOTS TO COUNTY REGIMENT.—The evolution of the L.D.V. is curious and interesting to watch. Like the evolution of British law and the British constitution and British freedom it slowly broadens and stabilises as it puts on more and more military uniform and assumes more and more military responsibility. The H.G. is a difficult body to legislate for in bulk. The platoons of Oatshire bear no more relation to the platoons of Coalborough than do boots to books—a certain similarity of name. The black-coated workers of a city can keep hours which the agricultural workers of Oatshire cannot keep. Oatshire men have not the facilities for meetings and drills which townsmen possess. I should say that about half-a-dozen sets of regulations are required to cover every type and condition of H.G. battalion throughout Britain. However, these battalions have more in common than a name and dress. They have in common, of course, a perfect passion for uniforms, badges, crests, chevrons and military gadgets; better still, they have in common a keenness to acquire efficiency in every form of modern warfare which will freely sacrifice half holidays and hours in bed, if that sacrifice may achieve the desired result. And every H.G., be he clerk, magistrate, squire, rustic or M.P., will go anywhere at any hour of the day or night to fire off a round of any calibre of ammunition, or to throw a bomb or Molotoff Cocktail, to learn the latest technique of wiring, sandbagging, digging or devil-dodging. More, he will walk five miles for a chance to be drilled by a veritable tiger among drill sergeants. No doubts about the spirit of the force. It is more than military, it is militant.

RAINFALL VAGARIES.—A correspondent from County Cork sent me his July figures for rainfall which showed nearly 2½ inches less than the normal for July. During that month, while County Cork enjoyed 1·05 inches of rain, the County of Nairn—by no means an abnormally wet part of Scotland—enjoyed more than 10 inches.

THE OLD STAGER

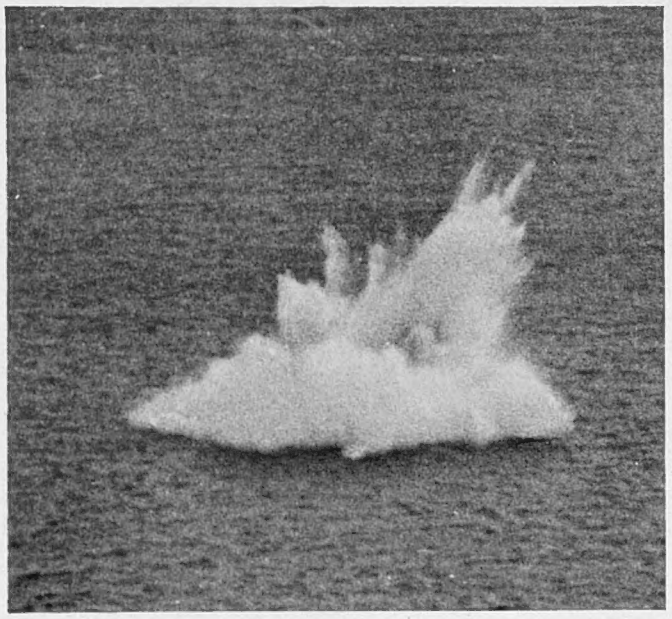
AIR WARFARE OVER BRITAIN

—And Still the Convoys Come Through to Port!

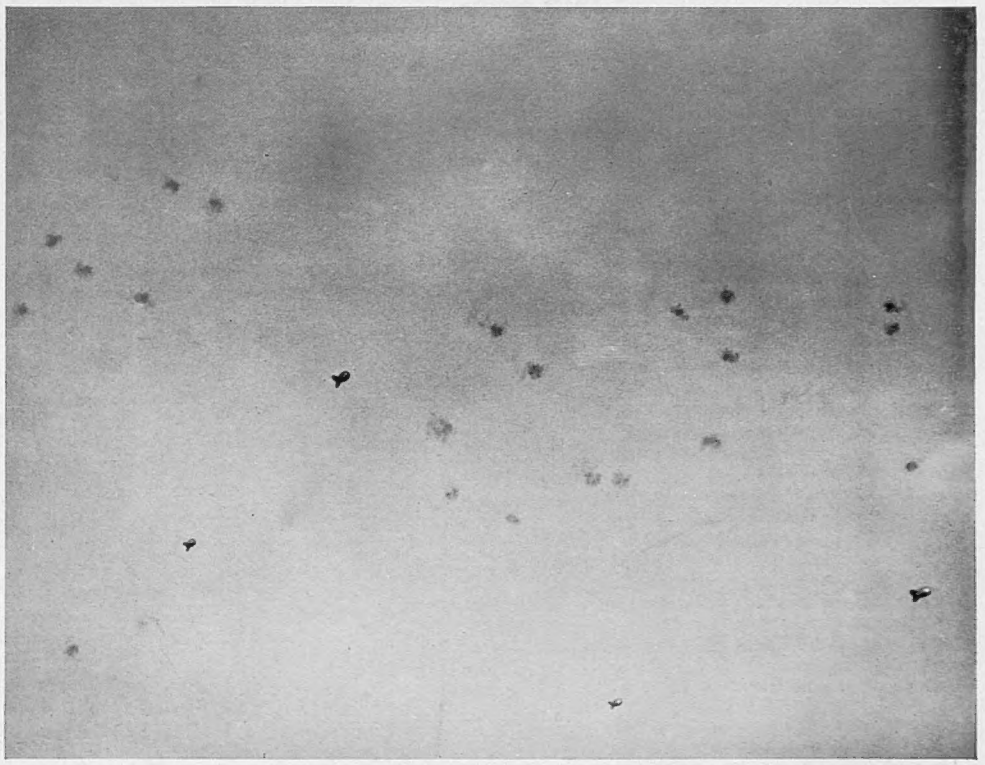


FLYING THEIR OWN BALLOON BARRAGE, ANOTHER CONVOY COMES HOME SAFELY: The scene off the South-East Coast as a large convoy came up the Channel. In addition to the balloon barrage, an Anson reconnaissance plane accompanied the vessels

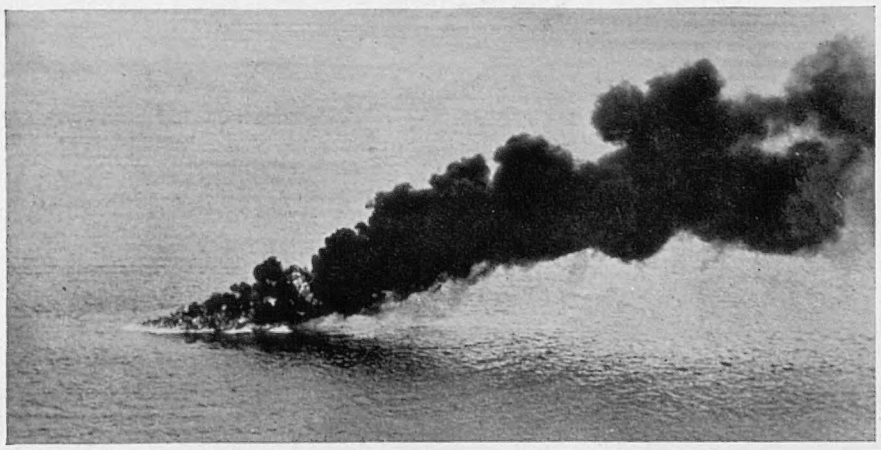
THE SHIPS STILL BRAVE THE GERMAN MENACE IN THE CHANNEL: Steaming up through the sea-mists the British freighters are still coming into port safely. So far the Germans have not made good their promise to block the Channel against British shipping. This picture was taken a few days ago on the South-East Coast



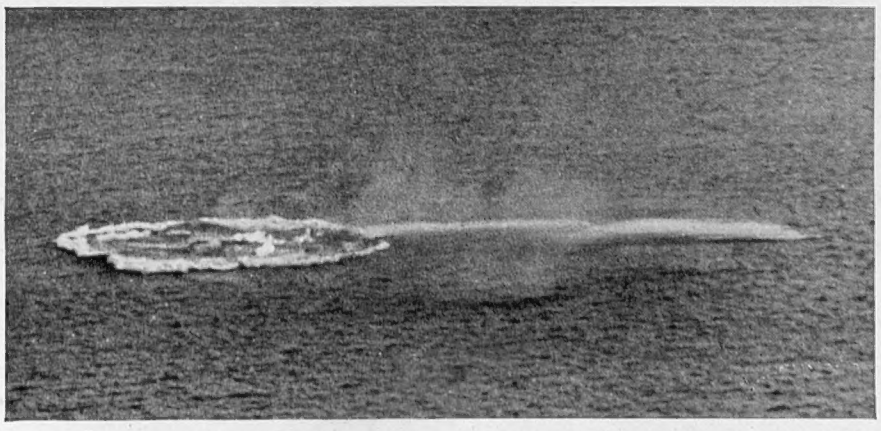
THE END OF A GERMAN BOMBER (1): Screaming down thousands of feet in an uncontrollable dive, the raider hits the sea, sending up a great splash and smashing up the machine



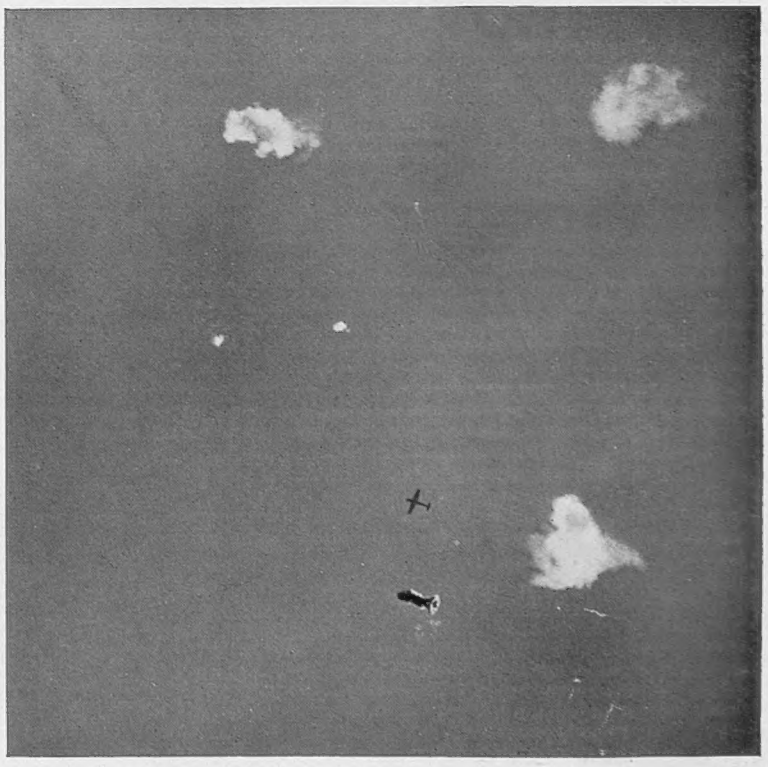
GERMAN FIGHTERS ATTACK THE BALLOON BARRAGE: A dramatic action picture taken at the height of a lightning, but unsuccessful, attack by German fighters on the balloon barrage over a town in the South-East of England. Anti-aircraft shells can be seen bursting all round the balloons



THE END OF A GERMAN BOMBER (2): From the bursting tanks petrol and oil spurt out over the water . . . catch fire. A furious blaze shoots into the air and thick black smoke rises—the funeral pyre of yet another German raider

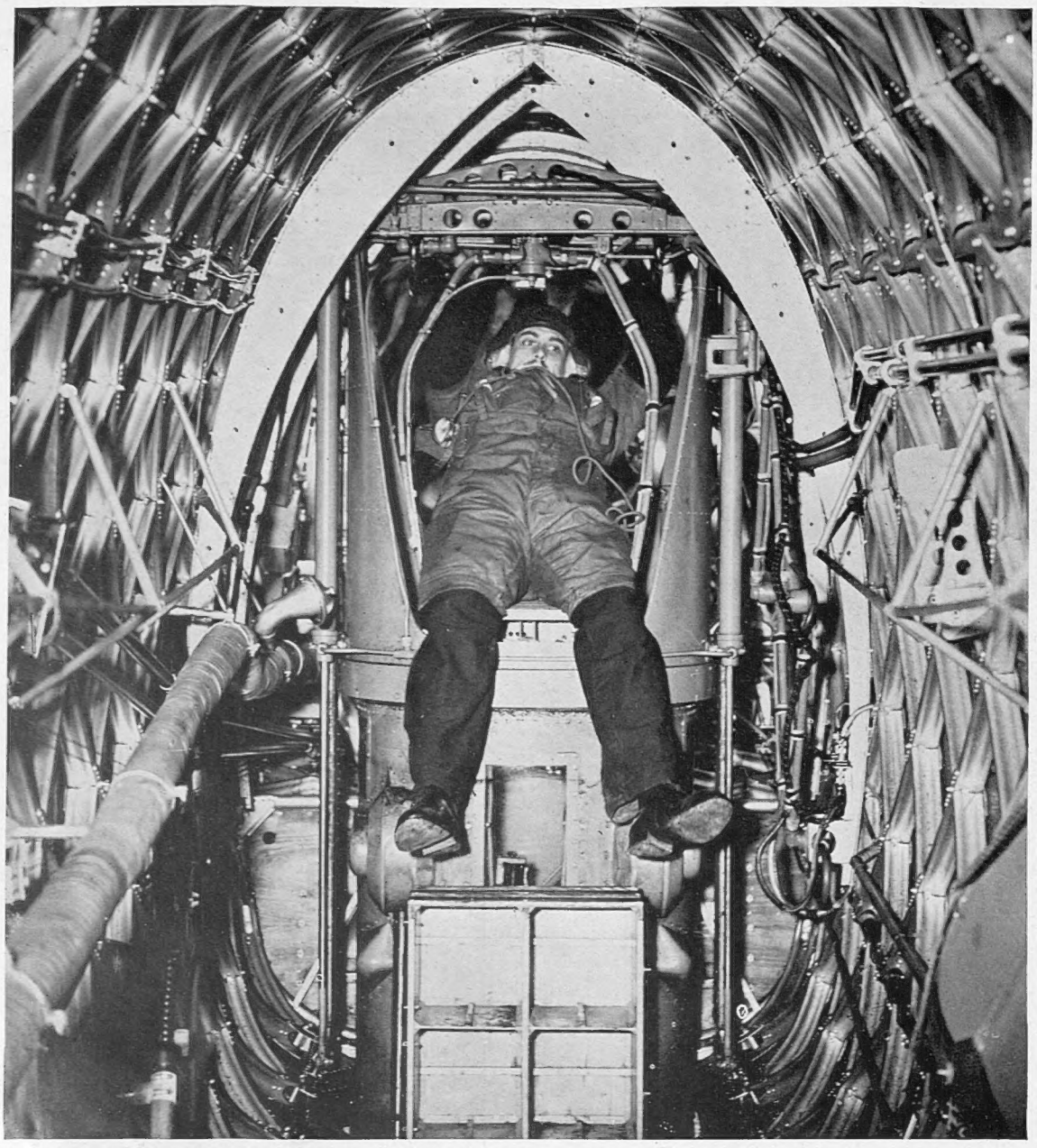


THE END OF A GERMAN BOMBER (3): The fuel burns itself out, the flames become feebler, the smoke dies down . . . until only a slight commotion on the surface of the sea marks the failure of another raider on England



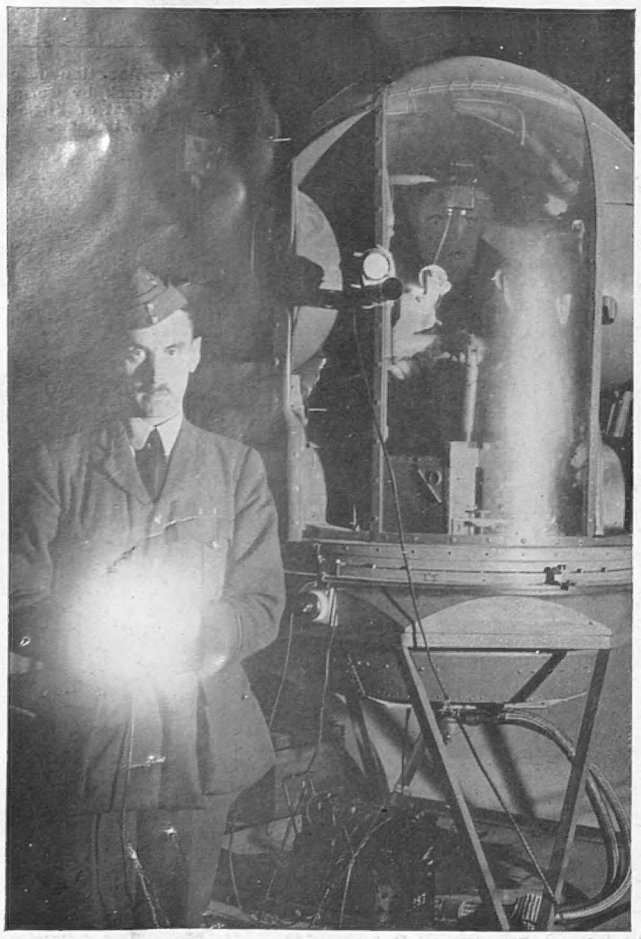
A GERMAN RAIDER CAUGHT IN A BARRAGE: As a result of a determined attack on barrage balloons over South-East England eight German planes were reported shot down a few days ago. Two waves of raiders attacked the balloons; high above the fighters hovered a group of German dive-bombers. When these dived to the attack they were met by a terrific anti-aircraft barrage over the harbour; those not shot down were then routed by British fighter planes. The new German technique has not yet achieved its main object, despite the ferocity of the attacks. This picture was taken during the battle and shows one of the German raiders hemmed in by bursting shells from the anti-aircraft barrage

PERFECTING THE AIR GUNNERS' TRAINING



THE REAR GUNNER SLIDES THROUGH THE CENTRE GUN TURRET TO REACH HIS OWN POSITION BEHIND

The gunner is in the act of pulling himself through the centre gun turret. The marvellous intricacy of the fittings of a modern bomber are evident in this picture. The gun turret is mounted on a cylindrical base. *On right*—An air gunner pauses before entering the bombing plane with an armful for "Jerry"



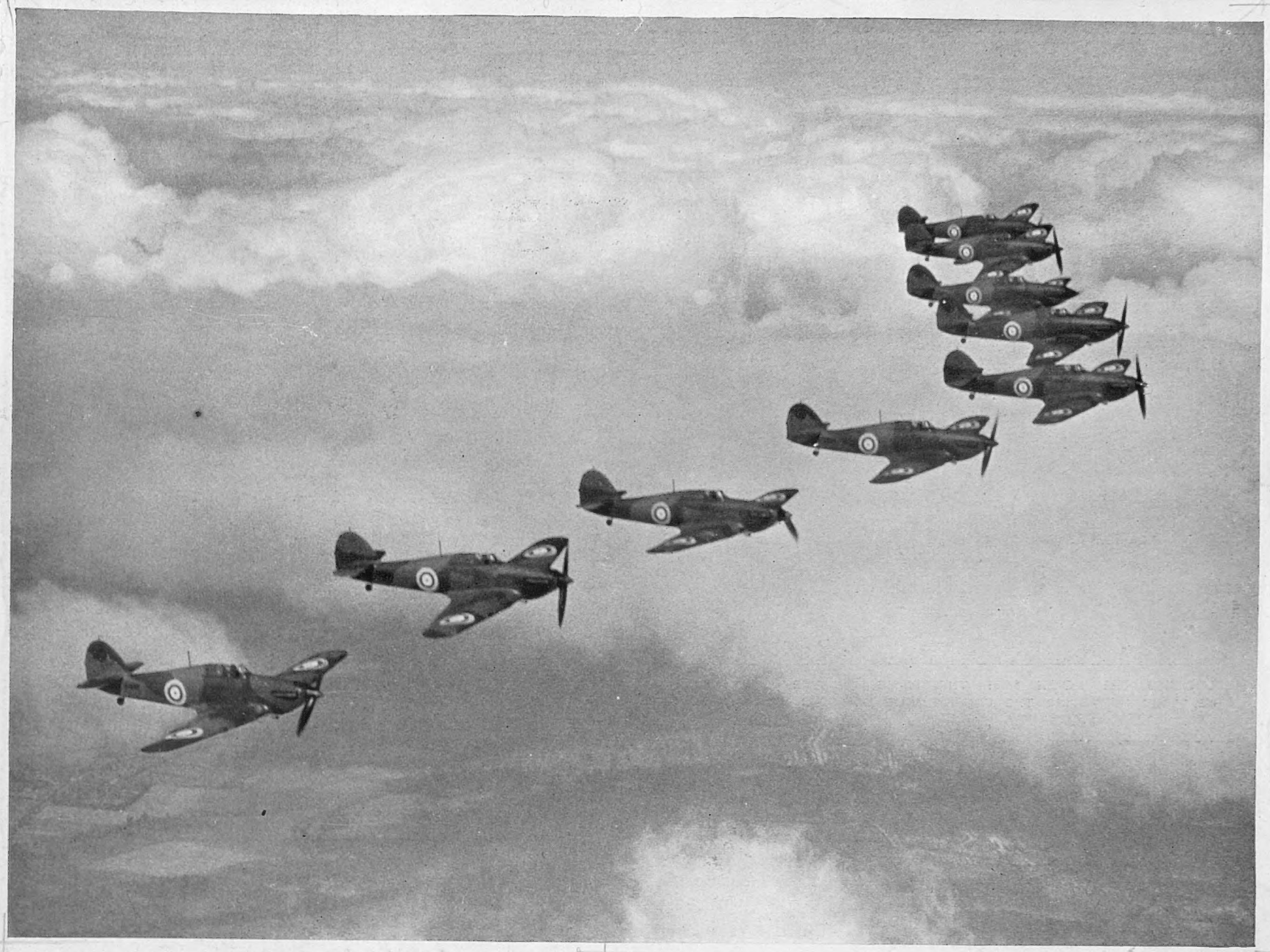
THE SPOTLIGHT TRAINER

By means of this the instructor flashes a path of light which the gunner endeavours to catch with a torch gun

Modern air warfare has made the air gunner the second most important member of the average crew. Air-gunnery training is being revolutionised. Anticipation, the quick co-ordination of hand and eye, and the power to focus quickly—these qualities are taught at the central gunnery school where commissioned gunners go to receive a final advanced course

AIMING AT A CLAY PIGEON DURING PRACTICE WITH A REAR GUN TURRET

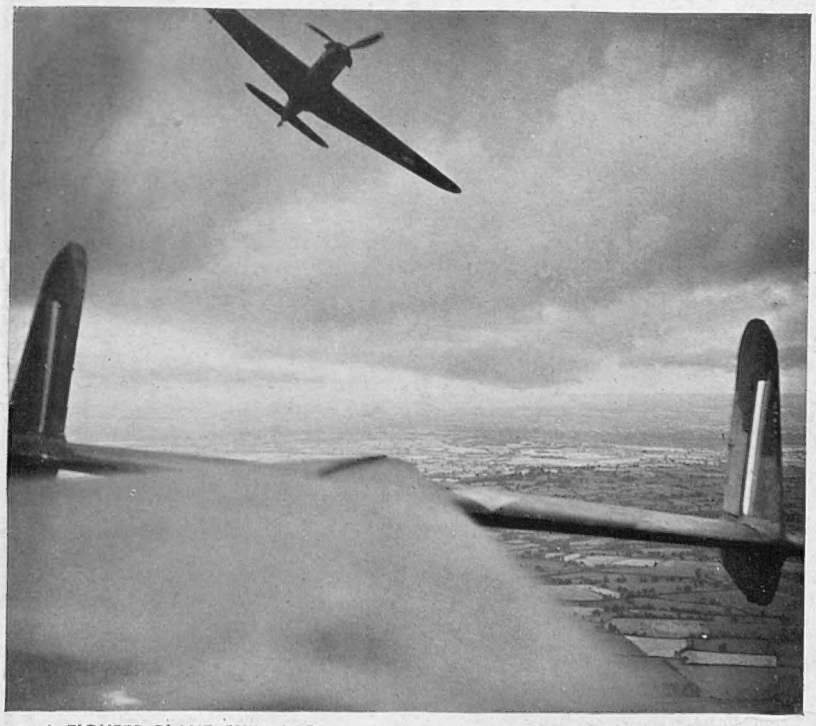
Here the rear gun turret has been mounted on a rubber-wheeled trolley and the gunner under training takes his position with the multiple machine-gun controls in front of him, when—crack—off flies the clay pigeon into the air and he hopes for the best



THE HURRICANES

Heroes of the Great Air Battles over the Channel

In the great air battles of the past few days Hurricane squadrons have been playing a great part. One Hurricane squadron in three flights sent twenty-one enemy aircraft crashing into the sea. Above is seen a group of nine Hurricanes in formation. They are armed with eight machine-guns in the wings in a similar fashion to the Spitfires



A FIGHTER PLANE SHEERING UP FROM THE TAIL OF A BOMBER

The attacking plane and the bomber were having mutual practice over an English shire when this picture was taken

In the picture given at the head of this page the Hurricane fighters are shown in a V formation proceeding to a fighting area. Once nearing the point of contact with the enemy they must break formation in order to negative the possibility of attack from side or rear. These fighter squadrons have been climbing into the air three or four times a day to beat off the air attacks of the past few days

SYMBOLICAL OF THE FIGHTING CONSTANTLY TAKING PLACE ON THE CHANNEL COAST

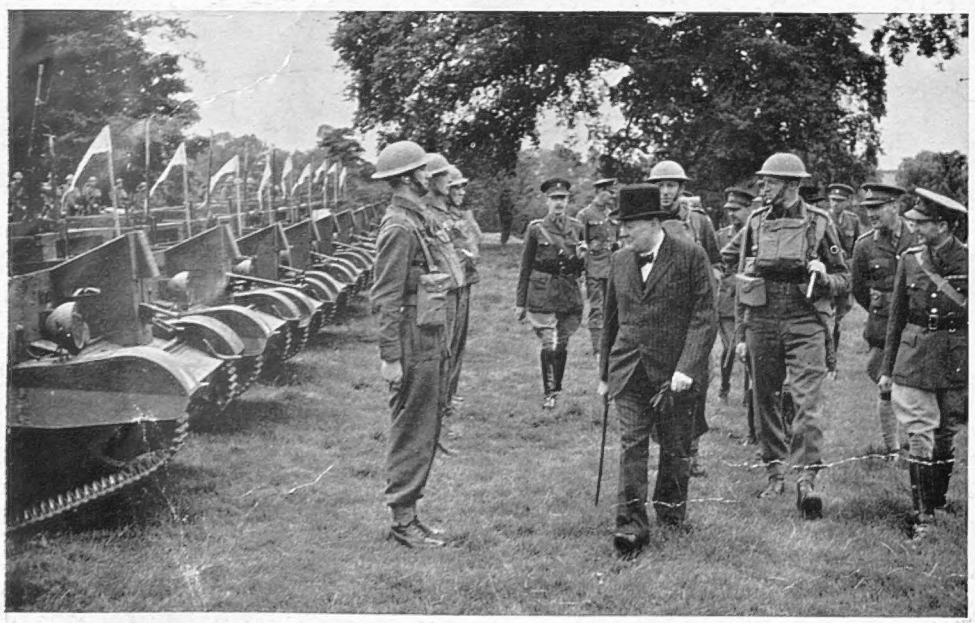
Here is a British Spitfire swooping away from a couple of British bombers during a recent practice flight. It is just such movements which have been taking place, often hourly, during the past few days, over the southern and south-eastern shores bordering the English Channel

THE PRIME MINISTER SEES FOR HIMSELF

OVERLOOKING THE NORTH SEA: THE PRIME MINISTER ON A NORTH-EASTERN HEADLAND INSPECTING THE CONSIDERABLE DEFENCES WHICH HAVE BEEN CONSTRUCTED AROUND THE COAST DURING THE PAST WEEKS

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL INSPECTING AERODROME DEFENCES THROUGH BINOCULARS: BEHIND IS THE PRIME MINISTER'S SON, LIEUT. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

THE CAMOUFLAGED GUNS OF A HEAVY REGIMENT OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY ON THE EAST COAST: ONE OF THE STRONGLY DEFENDED POINTS INSPECTED BY THE PRIME MINISTER DURING THE SECOND PART OF HIS TOUR OF THE COAST



THE BREN GUN CARRIERS OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS: AN IMPRESSIVE PICTURE OF MODERN MOTORISATION DURING MR. CHURCHILL'S REVIEW OF THIS FAMOUS BRITISH REGIMENT

ACCOMPANIED BY OFFICERS AND BY CIVILIAN OFFICIALS, THE PRIME MINISTER WITNESSES THE ACTUAL WORK OF DEFENSIVE CONSTRUCTION

Mr. Winston Churchill's Tour of the East and North-East To Inspect British Defences on the Sea

THE PRIME MINISTER ENCOUNTERS GENERAL BECKWITH-SMITH DURING HIS TOUR OF INSPECTION: ON THIS OCCASION MR. CHURCHILL WENT BY AIR TO THE EAST COAST

INCLUDED IN THE TOUR WAS A VISIT TO A NAVAL ESTABLISHMENT: WITH MR. CHURCHILL IN THIS PICTURE IS CAPTAIN LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, AND BEHIND IS THE PREMIER'S SON, LIEUT. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

FROM AN EMBANKMENT NEAR THE COAST (MR. CHURCHILL, IT WILL BE NOTED, IS WEARING ONE OF HIS FAMOUS "SQUARE" BOWLERS!)

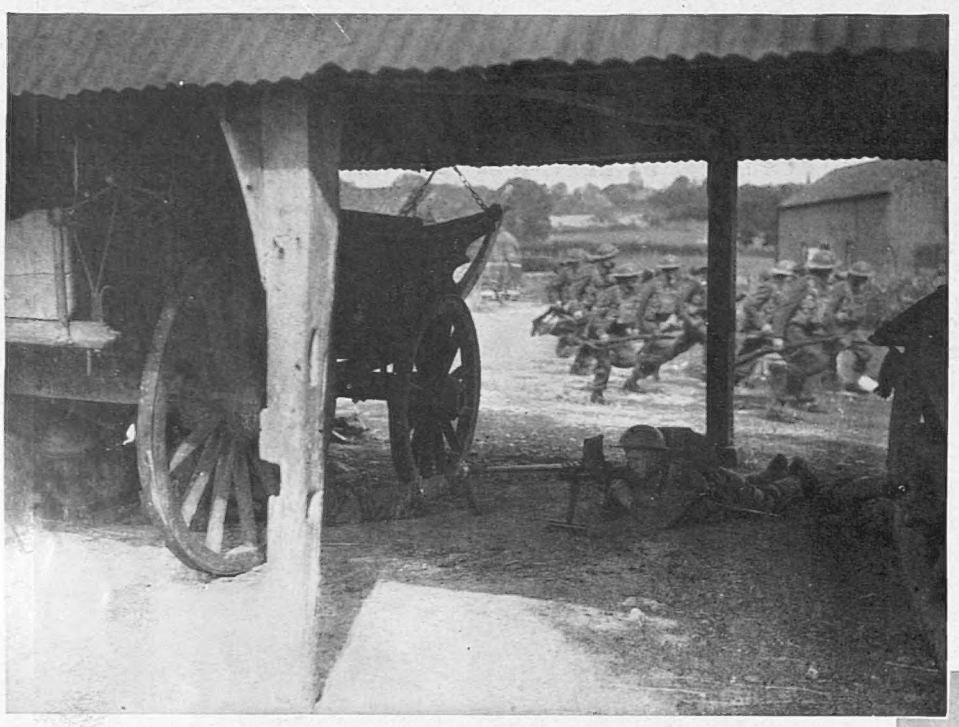
MR. CHURCHILL ACKNOWLEDGES THE CHEERS OF THE VILLAGERS AFTER INSPECTING A BATTALION OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS. THE REGIMENT WHICH HE HAS JUST VISITED, NOW MOTORISED, IS DRAWN UP IN THE FAR BACKGROUND

MEN OF THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE REGIMENT UNDER INSPECTION: A FINE BODY OF MEN, THIS REGIMENT IS HOLDING A PART OF OUR DEFENCE LINE ALONG THE EAST COAST

MOBILITY

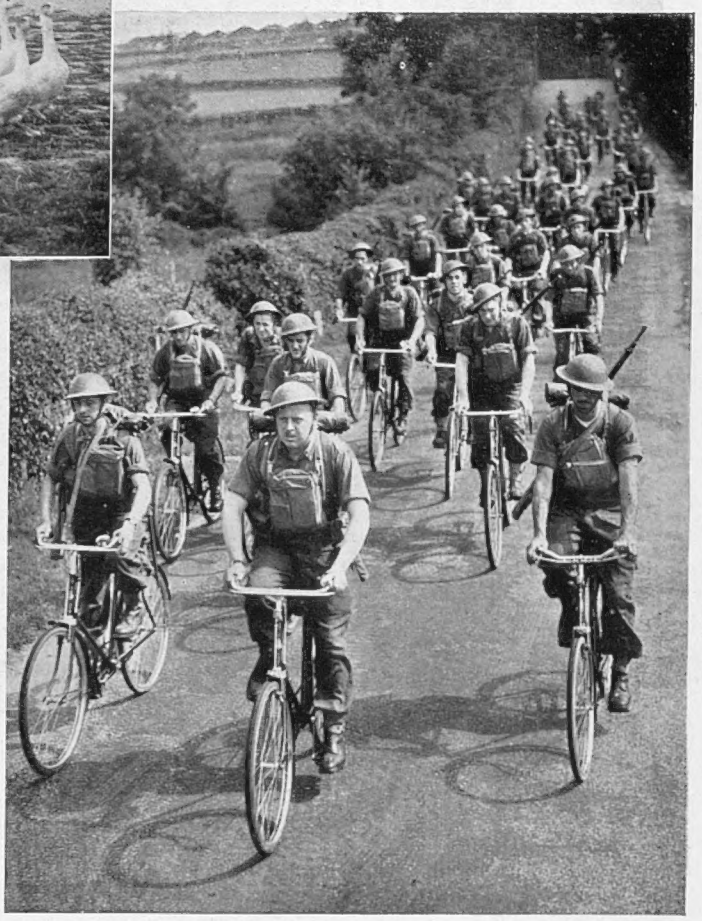
Some New Ideas in Army Defence, Which Incorporate the Lessons of the Campaign in Belgium and France

THE ALARM IS SOUNDED: MEN OF THE BLACK WATCH, NOW STATIONED ON THE SOUTH COAST, BREAK OFF THEIR TRAINING AND GO INTO ACTION



AN ANTI-TANK GUN AND BREN GUN COVER TROOPS ADVANCING THROUGH A FARM

With the experience of parachutists gained whilst they were in Belgium, the Black Watch, now stationed on the South Coast, have taken steps to ensure their being able to deal with any effort made by the enemy to land troops from the air. Being equipped with cycles, which are always near them during normal training to enable quick movement at the first alarm, the Black Watch are confident that they will be able to deal with any effort to invade their territory from the air, should the enemy attempt such a move



ON THE MARCH, NEW STYLE: MEN OF THE BLACK WATCH, MOUNTED ON CYCLES, ON THE WAY TO THEIR DEFENCE POSTS

MEN OF THE BALLOON BARRAGE STOP AN "ENEMY TANK"

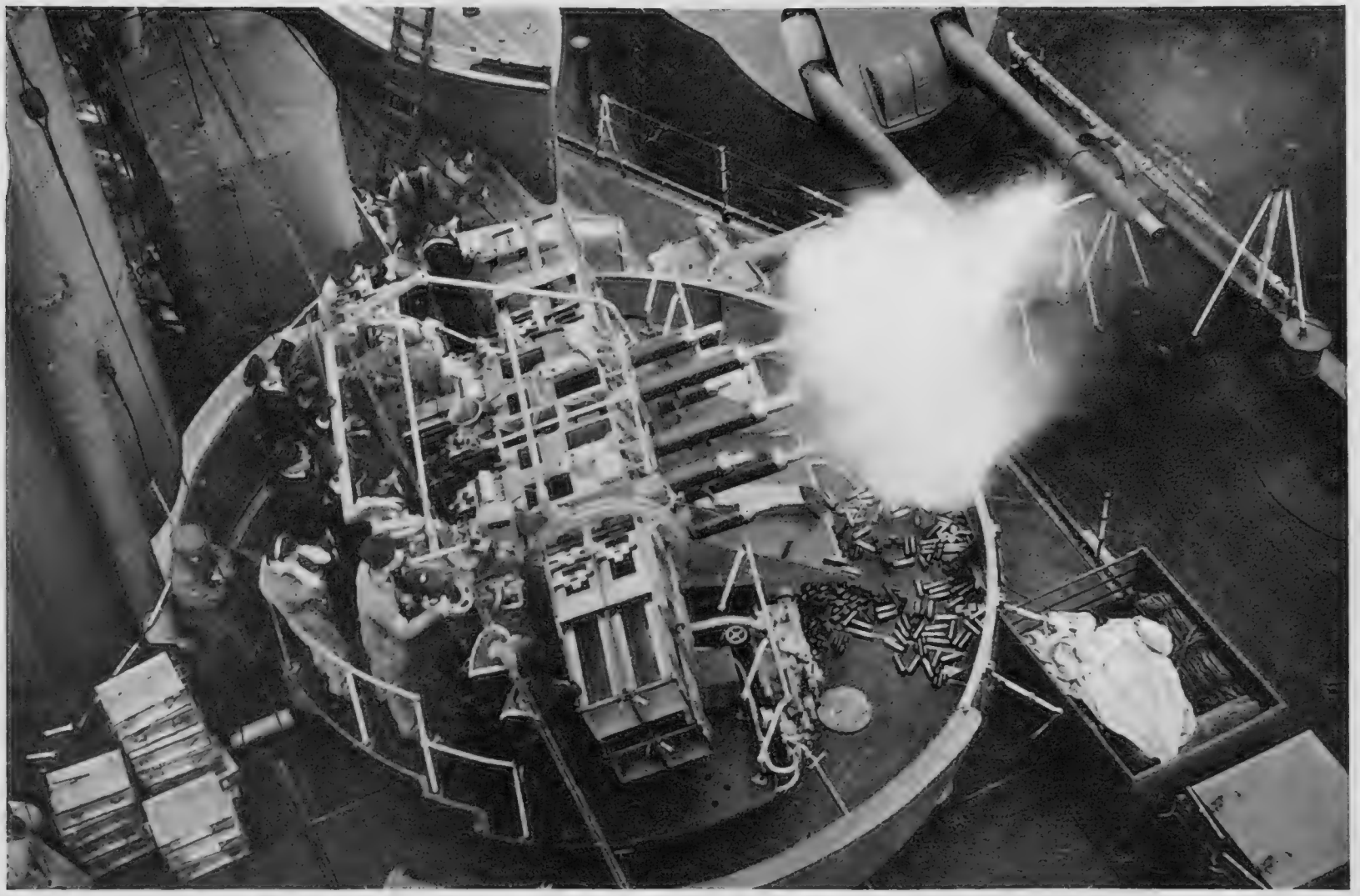
Members of the crews of the Balloon Barrage are, in their spare time, receiving instruction in musketry drill and other subjects, so that they may, if necessary, reinforce the country's ground defences against invasion. The above picture shows members of a London barrage crew demonstrating an effective method of stopping an "enemy tank"

THE IMPORTANCE OF MOBILITY

An army motor-cycle, with a Bren gun in the side-car, passing through one of the guarded road blocks which have been established at important points on main roads throughout the country

THE POM-POMS AT WORK

THE DESTROYER'S RANGE-FINDER



THE QUICK-FIRING POM-POMS OF A BATTLESHIP—AN IMPRESSIVE PICTURE OF SPEED IN ACTION

Most of the bigger vessels of the Navy are armed against aerial attack and dive-bombing by the quick-firing multiple pom-poms. These are deadly instruments, as German airmen have long since discovered. The infernal din caused by these guns when in action is almost unbelievable (note, in the above picture, the three ratings with hands to their ears!). The pom-pom first came to the fore in the Boer War; it was then a one-pounder, quick-firing, automatic gun. It has a barrel 42 ins. long, with a calibre of nearly 1½ ins., and fires about five shells per minute; and its chief value in modern warfare is its speed and deadly accuracy when coupled up in the manner shown above. Note the manner in which the spent shell cases are ejected in front of the guns, and the movable turret

THE CEASELESS WATCH FOR SKY RAIDERS—ON BOARD A NORTH SEA DESTROYER

The stout tube in the background is the range-finder installed in the destroyer's Control Tower; on a battleship this tower is a massive piece of naval architecture, completely closed in and protected from any sort of attack. In front of the range-finder are the two anti-aircraft gunners, warmly clad in duffel coats and with their eyes glued to their gun-sights. The anti-aircraft equipment on most ships of war in the British Navy is now so efficient that the enemy do not welcome an encounter with them. In fact, anti-aircraft defence—both on land and sea—has developed at a very great pace since the early days of the war. The patrol of the North Sea is now never-ceasing, by day and by night. Note, above, the diagrams of German aircraft pasted on to the wall of the turret for quick identification

BRITAIN WILL BE WELL DEFENDED: If, and when, the *blitzkreig* comes and hordes of German aircraft attempt to cow this country, it will be found that we have not been idle in the matter of defence. Here is one instance—a heavy anti-aircraft gun of an interesting type which is now in the front line of defence

GET ON WITH IT!

Air Commentary by C. G. GREY

(Founder of *The Aeroplane*)

WE have been told to "go to it" till everybody who had a chance of doing so has gone. Now it seems to be the turn of the people who have gone to it at the Government's bid to turn to the Government and say—"Get on with it." There is still a great deal too much of the "it may never happen" idea going about and far too much reliance on promises of help from America, which likewise may never happen.

The British Empire ought to make up its mind to win this war by itself. "Us Alone" should be our watchword. Of course we are very pleased to have all these gallant soldiers and aviators from all the nations which have been overrun by Germany, but let us remember that in the last war we had twenty-two allies and won the war ourselves—although admittedly 2,000,000 American troops in France were a grand background for our final advance, and as a replacement of French losses—albeit most of them never went into action.

So far as our fighting services are concerned we certainly are getting on with it. The Air Force has been knocking the stuffing out of Germany's centres of supply of armaments, particularly of aircraft. And as the nights grow longer our bombers will go farther away. There is no sense in keeping our bombers over enemy country in daylight where the fighters can get at them.

Not that our bombers are particularly afraid of being attacked, but in daylight they are outnumbered. German fighters, as yet at any rate, are not particularly good at night. And, although a formation of bombers armed, as ours are, with their four-gun Frazer-Nash gun-turrets, can put up a very good fight against German fighters with six guns, individual machines are apt to get separated from the formation in clouds or in the dark and a single machine caught about dawn by a formation of fighters has a bad time.

Even that doesn't seem to worry the crews much. A cheery sergeant-pilot brought one of our big bombers back to the makers the other day for an overhaul and a friend of mine in the firm said to him, "How do you like it as an aeroplane?" To which the sergeant replied, "That isn't an aeroplane. That's a flying battleship,"—which is a good feeling for the crews to have. And when we have enough of them to get on with the war a bit faster, our air battle fleet ought to be able to settle affairs as effectually as our battle fleet at sea settles its job.

One good sign of incipient activity is the abolition, by order of the new head of the Army, of those absurd and dangerous double blocks across main roads. Just when speed is essential in building our air fleet, and truck loads of raw material or partly finished parts are tearing about the country between sub-contractors and the factories of the main constructors, the local defence people obstruct traffic as much as possible by blocking the roads with permanent obstructions against possible invasion by tanks. As a matter of fact, most of them could be blasted away in a few minutes by heavy guns in tanks, and a good many of them could be rolled down flat by tanks. But in the meantime they have hindered aircraft constructors and other armament manufacturers from going to it as instructed. The removal of those obstacles is going to help us to get on with it.

Another thing to avoid is thinking too much about those 3,000 aeroplanes a month which have been promised to us by America. Let us keep in mind the dictum of one of the leaders of the United States Aircraft Industry, Mr. Knudsen, that America's output will not reach that figure until 1942. Other well-informed Americans, for instance Ted Wright of the Curtiss Company, who was recently called to Washington to advise Mr. Roosevelt and his Brain Trust, say 1944. And if the British Empire gets on with it, the war will be over before 1942.

We have also had some official figures published from official sources about the number of aeroplanes which the Americans are already delivering to us. They are intended to encourage the people, but they may give us a false sense of security. We have not been told how many of them are merely training machines, and how many of those have been delivered to Canada for the big Empire Training Scheme there.

That Empire Scheme is going to send us a lot of very good pilots and air crews, but let us first of all give a fair start to all those enthusiastic youngsters who joined the R.A.F. in *this* country and have been waiting six months or more for a chance of getting into an aeroplane. Among my own very limited acquaintances in the younger generation, I know quite a lot of first-class lads, public schoolboys, who enlisted in the hope of becoming pilots and have been hanging around for months and months, and have now taken on being radio operators and navigators and

LONDON WILL BE WELL DEFENDED, TOO: Mr. Winston Churchill, in one of his recent inspiring utterances, gave indication that London will not follow the example of Paris in the event of invasion. If the Germans get that far, every street will be defended and fought for—*if the Germans get that far.* Meanwhile, whether by chance or by design, London is well favoured with aerodromes—in fact, there are three successive lines of aerodromes in front of, and behind, the capital. And these would, undoubtedly, play a large part in the Battle of Britain and the Battle of London. It is true that not all these aerodromes were designed for fighter squadrons or are operated to-day as such; nevertheless, if the struggle develops to these areas every aerodrome will have to play its part. It may be that not every Londoner has realised how strong the Home Counties are in aerodromes and landing grounds: if so, let those who have been doubtful look at the above chart—and take fresh heart!

THE FIRST WAR-TIME FLIGHT FROM ENGLAND TO AMERICA AND BACK: THE FLYING-BOAT "CLARE" ON HER ARRIVAL BACK IN ENGLAND AFTER HER GREAT FLIGHT—ENGLAND–MONTREAL–NEW YORK–MONTREAL–ENGLAND. ON HER RETURN FLIGHT "CLARE" CROSSED THE ATLANTIC 1½ HOURS IN ADVANCE OF HER SCHEDULE

On August 3 the British Transatlantic Air Service, interrupted by the war, was resumed when the flying-boat *Clare* took off from a South Coast airport for New York. She completed the trip by way of Foynes in Ireland; Botwood in Newfoundland; and Montreal in Canada, in 35 hours, 46 minutes and returned to England on Saturday last—in 12 hrs. 20 mins. from Newfoundland. On these flights in peace-time the boats were refuelled in the air; but now they are stripped of all their luxurious fittings to accommodate extra petrol tanks. The *Clare* is one of the modified Empire boats, equipped with four 905-h.p. Bristol Perseus engines: it was originally intended for the Trans-Tasman Service but was taken over by the British Overseas Airways (which replaced the Imperial Airways Services) when war began

THE INTERIOR OF THE FLYING-BOAT, SHOWING HOW IT HAS BEEN STRIPPED TO ALLOW FOR EXTRA PETROL TANKS. THIS WAS RENDERED NECESSARY BECAUSE THE USUAL PRACTICE OF REFUELLING IN MID-AIR IS NOT NOW PRACTICABLE OWING TO WAR-TIME CONDITIONS

FOUR OF THE PASSENGERS ON THE NEW YORK TO ENGLAND FLIGHT: On her return flight to England, four of the *Clare's* passengers were American pilots who have volunteered for the task of ferrying British aeroplanes from the factory to R.A.F. bases. From left to right above are seen F. W. O'Hanlon, S. W. Morago, L. S. King, and A. A. Crane—all these pilots hail from San Francisco and all have many thousands of hours in the air to their credit

gunners, just to get into the air, as their chances of becoming pilots are so remote.

When they read of an American pilot, with only 1,500 hours' flying experience, coming over here and going straight into one of our Advanced Flying Training Schools and on into a front-line squadron, all in seven weeks (see R.A.F. communiqué) they will not be too pleased. But they may be consoled when they hear of a British pilot with 4,000 hours' flying experience, passed A.1 by the Medical Board, who is not allowed to fly in uniform, because he had an illness four or five years ago which, if he died of it, might qualify his wife for a pension. But he *may* fly experimentally as a civilian in a non-pensionable job.

Fortunately we now have on the Air Council an Air Member for Training, and Directors of Technical Training, Flying Training, and Operational Training, who are all absolutely first-class men, so I hope that our home-grown material will have a chance. Much as we like the youngsters from the British Dominions overseas to have their full chance of distinguishing themselves in our victorious campaign in the air, we should like the youngsters of the British Isles and the British working man and woman in the factories to be able to say that they won the war without being entirely dependent on men from overseas and on American aeroplanes.

Let us remember Rudyard Kipling's jeer at us after the Boer War when he recalled how we "fawned on the younger nations for men who could shoot and ride."

I asked a friend of mine who is in the middle of things lately whether Lord Beaverbrook's push and go was really getting a move on things, or whether he was merely frightening people, especially old-fashioned Civil Servants, so that they were just running round in circles. His reply was, in effect: "Have you ever seen a river in spate? If so, you will have seen lots of little vortices running round in circles on the surface, but the whole mass is going downstream at a rate of knots." That strikes me as a good illustration of how we are getting on with it.

The next thing to do is to give these vast armies of ours, especially all these desperately keen young men from overseas, a chance of having a smack at something. If they are kept idle too long they may find some mischief to do. Just remember that 2,000-mile coast line which the Germans have to guard. And remember the way in which our ancestors from the North used to swoop on the coasts of England, Belgium, France and even Spain and Italy, loot whatever they could take, and get away again. The tactics of the old Norse pirates may still be the beginning of our road to victory. But still let us keep in mind that Hitler may hit first.

Just to show the essential Englishman's point of view, here is a quotation from a Coventry pub.—by way of a chauffeur friend of mine. One of the indigenous drinkers said: "And when the old Hun does come over the sea he has to find England. And when he has crossed the coast he has to find Warwickshire, which isn't very big. And then he has to find Coventry, which isn't big at all. And even when he finds it, he don't know where *I* live."

That is the best philosophy for those about to be bombed that I have met.

ARMED to the TEETH with TANKS

On left—To show the strength of tank fire which can now be concentrated at one point, three of the new triple-turreted tanks are shown here on a cliff top, facing the possible emergence of enemy tanks up a slope from an English beach

On left—The Royal Tank Regiment is very busy learning the ways of the new tanks. A line of them is seen exercising over a southern Common

Above—Members of the O.C.T.U. have been in training for some time with high-speed tanks such as the above, which can be thrown rapidly towards any desired spot

NEW BRITISH TANKS CAREERING OVER ROUGH GROUND DURING TESTING RUNS

The output of tanks has been mounting in a most satisfactory fashion—in fact, not having to send them to France, the country is becoming "stiff with them." The supply of trained personnel must be kept level with the mechanical side and this is being done on suitable exercising grounds. Amid pine and furze the drivers and gunners become familiar with heavy, severe going in rough country. In the above picture we show three tanks of a new type in a seaside setting

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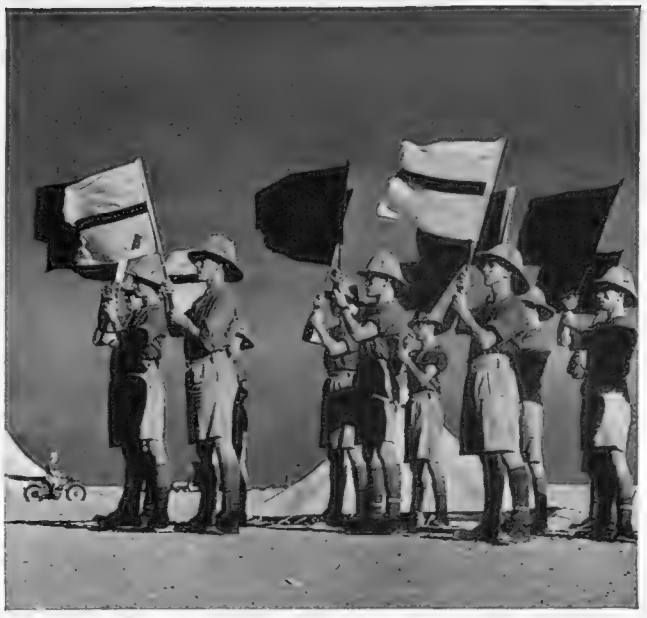
SCOTTISH TROOPS AT FIRING PRACTICE on the edge of the desert. The white light of Northern Egypt is well brought out in this picture



FLAG-WAGGERS OF A COUNTY REGIMENT PRACTISE SIGNALLING: The flag is always a highly useful adjunct in the case of a breakdown of wireless or other means of communication

THE LEVEL COUNTRY AROUND BURAO IN BRITISH SOMALILAND: The Burao country is flat with a few isolated trees here and there. A good road connects this important point with the coast. The road plunges over the Scarp, as all other roadways and tracks have to do to get to the northern coastal plains

BRITISH Somaliland is a country with an area of about 68,000 sq. miles and a population of some 350,000 people who struggle for a bare existence on arid, waterless wastes favoured only with a small, sporadic and uncertain rainfall. Occupied for no other reason than to form a base for protecting the Red Sea route, its retention has always proved an expense to the British taxpayer without any adequate financial recompense. No minerals in economic quantities have been discovered, although careful investigations have been undertaken by geologists and mineralogists. Berbera, the main port, is situated opposite Aden in a little bay formed by coral reefs, but it forms a safe anchorage for craft of medium size and a useful point for exports and imports. From the shore the distant mountains can be seen generally shrouded in a haze of fine dust which is raised by high winds on the littoral. Rising gradually from the sea the coastal plain slopes at a low angle to the foothills, beyond which a great fault scarp marks the border between the hot, sultry, humid lowlands and the pleasant 3,000-ft. plateau, which slopes gently inland towards Abyssinia once the top is reached. Macadamised roads are few, but in the dry season movements are possible almost anywhere on the flats, although dry sandy watercourses and areas of drift sand may at times cause cars some trouble. In the wet season it is much more difficult to get about as the watercourses carry sudden spates and leave soft patches to trap the unwary. On the wet loose earth of the plateau cars sink deeply and the wheels skid badly after rain so that progress is very tedious.

Most of the country is covered with thorny dwarf acacias and nothing in the nature of forests exists. The scrub sometimes clusters thickly and along watercourses there is often a thick growth of timber with a fair undergrowth of green verbiage. The incense tree is very common on the higher plains, but once the mountains are reached, cactus and box appear with other hardy scrub plants. The scarp is exceedingly abrupt and steep and can only be negotiated by vehicles where a graded road has been prepared at great expense. The motor road to Sheikh is full of hair-pin bends where it contours the rocky sides of a steep valley with many deep cuts. At the hill station of Sheikh where the government retires in the hot season the climate is pleasant and the wild scenery striking. Southwards, plains broken at times by minor ridges continue as far as the Abyssinian frontier.

There is little communal life in the Colony, most of the inhabitants living a nomadic life and driving their herds of sheep, goats, camels or cattle about the country in search of grazing and water. Immediately after the rains grain crops are grown in some areas blessed with a fertile soil, but due to pests, pilfering, ravages by uncontrolled cattle, and wild animals, the yield is very small and the anxieties of a farmer great.

The chief value of Somaliland lies in its strategic position on the Red Sea, only appreciated in recent years, as an air base for African flights. With a rainfall which averages only 10 ins. to 25 ins. a year according to location with regard to the hills, little can be expected from any tropical country. There are few large springs or perennial streams which could be conveniently used for irrigating lands on any scale that would seriously alter the situation. Skins of the Somali goat have a world-wide reputation for gloves, and other hides are said to be good.

HUNDREDS OF NATIVES AND THOUSANDS OF ANIMALS GATHER AT THE WELL HEADS: Enormous quantities of water are consumed at the wells, long lines of natives and their beasts assembling from places scores of miles away. Here are some typical Somali natives chatting while their camels drink. *Below*—Water is also carried away in big jars by women. This scene is typical of the wells sunk by the British for native use

The DEFENCE of BRITAIN

More Pictures of the Defensive Measures Which

THE HORSEWOMEN OF DARTMOOR VOLUNTEER FOR ANTI-PARACHUTE PATROLS TO RELIEVE THE HOME GUARD: HERE IS A PATROL ON THE DEVON MOORS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF YELVERTON

THE DARTMOOR PATROL ASSEMBLES FOR ORDERS. IN FRONT, THE TWO LEADERS ARE MRS. C. E. SIMMS (ON LEFT) AND MRS. E. O. GOSS, JOINT LEADERS OF THE DARTMOOR HUNT SECTION: Dartmoor now possesses an unusual army, consisting of over sixty women riders who traverse the lonely moors in pairs. Their job is to search for fifth columnists or parachutists or other suspicious and dangerous characters. The women begin their patrol at 5.30 each morning; the night shift is taken by the men. The members of the patrol all have an extensive knowledge of Dartmoor

A MEMBER OF THE OBSERVER CORPS, WEARING THE NEW BERET AND ARMLET, SIGHTS ON AN APPROACHING PLANE

TWO MEMBERS OF THE CORPS, IN A BRICK-BUILT OBSERVATION POST, FOLLOWING AN AEROPLANE'S COURSE

A TYPICAL POST OF THE OBSERVER CORPS IN THE HEART OF RURAL ENGLAND: The Observer Corps play an important but little known part in the defence of England against air attack. Members of the corps are all voluntary workers and are recruited from all walks of life. These men are the eyes and ears of Britain; their reports assist the R.A.F. Fighter Command Stations; if an enemy squadron is sighted, a running commentary is given by the spotter equipped with telephone, whilst his companion checks the height and course of the machines

RURAL ENGLAND IN WAR-TIME: A WOMAN A.R.P. WARDEN ON HER ROUNDS IN THE BEAUTIFUL KENTISH VILLAGE OF CHILHAM

A SCENE IN THE QUIET OLD VILLAGE OF OTHAM IN KENT: The village grocer is also the local A.R.P. warden; still wearing his tin-hat and with his handbell on the ground, he is here taking an order from one of his customers (carrying the inevitable gas-mask) outside the front garden of his house. In the background is the village war memorial, prominently placed on a height of ground overlooking the valley. It is such little intimate glimpses as this, amidst otherwise peaceful surroundings, which betray the fact that England is at war

CONTINUES in EVERY DIRECTION

the People of This Country Are Themselves Carrying Out

THE CADETS OF THE LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE ON THE FLOOR OF THE "HOUSE": Members of the Stock Exchange Cadets and the Stock Exchange Volunteers, who are now part of the Home Guard and on duty for long periods, were recently inspected on the floor of the House by Lieut.-Colonel T. W. Towers-Clark of the Coldstream Guards. Here the cadets are lined up on parade during the inspection

THE L.C.C. HAVE THEIR OWN DEFENCE CORPS IN LONDON: Many veterans of the last war are giving valuable training hints to new recruits of the London County Council's own Home Guard at County Hall. This picture was taken during a recent drill parade on the banks of the River Thames and shows a fine muster of volunteers

HUNDREDS OF WOMEN IN ESSEX ARE NOW MAKING HURDLES FOR DEFENCE: An appeal for "thousands and thousands" of wattle hurdles has been made by Major R. H. Buckley, the County Surveyor of Essex. The exact use to which these hurdles will be put cannot be disclosed at present, but they will form an "unpleasant surprise" for uninvited visitors. Suitable brushwood abounds in all hedges and woods in Essex, and if every man, woman, and boy in those parts of the county where the material is to be found, will make but one hurdle a day they will be doing a most vital and essential work. It takes two people half an hour to make a wattle hurdle when the brushwood has once been cut

THE MARTELLO TOWERS OF THE SOUTH COAST AGAIN IN USE: CONSTANT WATCH IS MAINTAINED HERE FOR SUSPICIOUS MOVEMENTS AT SEA

WITH MOAT AND DRAWBRIDGE STILL INTACT—WATCHERS ON THE MARTELLO TOWER READY FOR ENEMY AIRCRAFT: For the second time in little over a century Britain is threatened by a Dictator who has declared his intention of invading our shores. And again our shores are fortified. But never before have defence measures been so strong. To a depth of twenty miles the coast is protected by a solid band of guns, steel, and determined men. Coastguards, too, have been armed and now fulfil an important duty as observers

WOMEN WORKERS CARRYING AWAY COMPLETED WATTLE HURDLES CONSTRUCTED IN RESPONSE TO THE COUNTY SURVEYOR'S APPEAL

THE U.S. WASHINGTON CRUISER "MINNEAPOLIS" is a fine example of how the "tinclad" has been developed and brought up to date until it is now a well protected, powerfully-armed, long-distance cruising ship well supplied with aircraft

ON ACCOUNT OF THE LONG DISTANCES IN THE PACIFIC, and the difficulty of maintaining close observation, the U.S. have paid particular attention to aircraft in their cruising ships. The standard equipment is four seaplanes on two catapults

FOR PACIFIC WORK the Americans have great faith in their 1,850-ton destroyers like the U.S.S. *Sampson*, whose design is somewhat similar to our own Tribal class. The contract speed is 37 knots

THE PROBLEM of the PACIFIC

The Naval Position of Japan and America

Reviewed by F. BOWEN

ALTHOUGH the assurance of the Japanese Government that it desired to maintain the *status quo* in the Dutch East Indies when the Germans invaded Holland relieved the fear that they would attempt to seize the islands and their invaluable natural resources, there is still a grave fear that the East Indies may lead to an extension of the war to the Pacific. This is largely due to the deliberate pronouncements of a number of important Japanese individuals, especially in the Services, and although they are in opposition to the Government, experience has shown that they can very often get their way even when it is directly against national policy.

Strategically the enormous distances in the Pacific make the naval problem a very difficult one, but at the same time they encourage the probabilities of surprise encounters which would have dramatic and important results. Victory would almost certainly go to the heavier metal concentrated, and in this the United States Navy has a considerable advantage. On the other hand, the Japanese Navy would have undoubted advantages geographically, and the position of the naval bases in the Pacific is most important.

The whole length of the Pacific coast of the United States is well provided with excellently protected naval bases on whose improvement large sums are now being spent, and the Pacific end of the Panama Canal is magnificently protected against everything but a "Fifth Column." These bases, however, are too far away from the probable scene of operations for anything but a defensive role, the maintenance of defensive services and the supply of the more advanced bases. The Hawaiian Islands are by far the most important of these, 2,098 miles from San Francisco and 4,711 from the Panama Canal. The principal establishment is at Pearl Harbour on Oahu Island, one of the finest naval bases in the world and perfectly equipped. It is now reckoned to be impregnable from either sea or air attack. The Philippine Islands, which would lie on the flank of any Japanese advance, are practically undefended except by ships and it has long been recognised that they would fall an easy prey to attack unless a big ship action were fought for them. Guam, which lies within the Japanese mandated area under the Treaty of Versailles, would also be indefensible against any determined attack.

While all the important Japanese naval bases are in the main islands of the empire, her possessions and the islands under her control stretch well down towards the Dutch Colonies, and they have a great advantage in that these areas have been kept clear of foreign visitors for years so that military concentrations could be made with the greatest secrecy, the obvious racial differences making the discontented native the only possible secret agent to watch such moves and the difficulties of communication being very great.

As far as the Japanese battle fleet is concerned, its obvious strategy is to maintain the greatest force in home waters to protect their vulnerable shores; if a fleet action cannot be avoided it will at least be with the superior American squadrons a long way from their bases which would hamper them in every particular. From Honolulu to Yokohama, in the heart of Japan, is 3,378 miles and from Honolulu to Guam, whose harbour offers excellent facilities for a mobile base even if it is unprotected, is 3,312 miles, so that the American forces would have little chance of getting there in time to save the island from a sudden attack. That, however, would certainly be a cruiser operation.

Actually the superiority of the American battle squadrons, excluding ships building, is very much greater than is suggested by counting keels, the Americans having twelve ships in the first line and three in the second against the ten first-line ships of the Japanese. The U.S. ships mount

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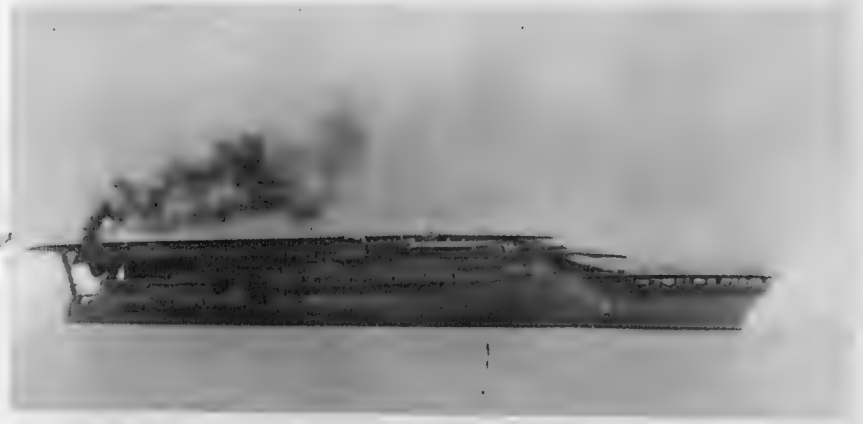
In the course of its comprehensive survey of the Pacific problem and its implications for the United States, *Life* makes the following statements amongst others: The Pacific Ocean is 68,634,000 square miles of water; of wastes where almost no life exists; of islands where life, riches, poverty are all superabundant. Its distances dwarf any that even big-minded Americans are used to thinking about: New York is 3,132 miles from San Francisco; Manila is 6,238 miles from San Francisco, 9,393 miles west of Panama. Under the command of sixty-one-year-old Admiral J. O. Richardson, C.-in-C. of the U.S. Navy, is a fleet composed

THE UNITED STATES VERSUS JAPAN: AN AMERICAN STATEMENT OF

of 12 battleships ("a main battle line which has no match in the world for gun power"), 13 light cruisers, 12 heavy cruisers, about 70 destroyers, 25 submarines, 4 aircraft-carriers, and an air force to screen and precede the battleships: this fleet is based on Pearl Harbour in the Hawaiian Islands. America's great lack in the Pacific is a sufficient line of bases; Japan has these. And the key to bases is distance. Mightily fortified Pearl Harbour is the only U.S. base west of San Diego where the main fleet could be sheltered, fuelled, and repaired



THE JAPANESE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "KAGA," 26,900 tons, was originally laid down as a battleship, and is one of the 8-in.-gun ships which caused so much feeling when they were constructed under the Washington Disarmament Treaty

THE JAPANESE CRUISER "ASIGARA" and her consorts possess very remarkable qualities on paper, but in very many cases the tendency to overload them has spoiled their stability and impairs their value for open sea work in the Pacific

THE JAPANESE HAVE PAID GREAT ATTENTION TO THEIR DESTROYER FLEET and have latterly outgrown the craze for German features, as embodied in the *Mutuki* and her sisters built soon after the late war

twenty-four 16-in., 124 14-in. and twelve 12-in. guns against the Japanese sixteen 16-in. and seventy 14-in. The American ships are very much better protected and there is no doubt that their gunnery is infinitely superior to that of the Japanese, whose only obvious advantage is in superior speed.

In a Pacific war, however, the cruisers and smaller craft are likely to play a more conspicuous part than the heavy ships. In 8-in.-gun cruisers the Americans have eighteen, mounting 164 guns in their main armament, the Japanese twelve with 104 guns. In big 6-in.-gun cruisers the Americans have nineteen, mounting 245 guns, the Japanese six, mounting 84, but in the smaller class, below 7,000 tons, the Americans have none and the Japanese nineteen. The possibilities of these smaller vessels will be mentioned later. In the bigger classes American design appears to be very greatly superior, especially in the most modern where the Japanese have attempted to get far too many features on to a small displacement, although for a variety of reasons they can get more out of every thousand tons than any other navy in the world. Reports on the behaviour of their cruisers at sea have not been complimentary.

Of aircraft-carriers, a type likely to be put to great use in a Pacific war, both the Americans and Japanese have two very large ones mounting 8-in. guns, while the Americans back theirs by two 20,000 tonners completed and two of rather less than 15,000 tons, the Japanese with three of 10,000 tons and two of 7,000. The 8-in.-gun ships, although no longer in their first youth, are worthy of special mention, for under the Washington Disarmament Treaty aircraft-carriers were lumped with all other second-line types and a maximum gun calibre of 8 in. was laid down. The British constructors considered that the proper armament for an aircraft-carrier was light rapid-fire guns that could beat off attack, but both the Americans and the Japanese mounted the maximum calibre permissible and the immediate effect was apprehension in both countries that the other's ships were designed for raiding across the Pacific.

The Americans remember the Japanese dread of air raids with their possibilities of starting fires, which has a greater effect on the Japanese public than any other risk, while the Japanese remember that during the Spanish-American War of 1898 the unknown position of Cervera's cruisers caused a panic on the American coast and political pressure interfered with the plans of the Navy Department in a way that would have been very serious if the Spaniards had been more enterprising. The possibility of the numerous small Japanese cruisers being used for the same purpose, both on the U.S. coast and on the trade lanes, may have a serious effect, for such raiders want a lot of hunting down, as we discovered in the case of the *Emden* in 1914, when no less than nineteen Allied warships had to be taken off other duties to attend to her.

Japanese submarines might also be used for keeping the American public on the jump, for most of them have a very large cruising radius, but against this it must be remembered that the Americans have done a lot of work at Dutch Harbour in the Aleutian Islands, the string of islands running out from Alaska towards the heart of the Japanese Empire. Although it is hampered by climate, Dutch Harbour can accommodate a large number of ships and aircraft and is only about 2,000 miles from important points in Northern Japan, 2,533 from Yokohama. Its development was the direct result of Japan walking out of the Disarmament Conference and has caused great uneasiness in the Island Empire.

Should the United States send an Army Expeditionary Force south its long passage from Hawaii would certainly be taken as an opportunity for submarine attack, but on the other hand the Americans have very strong escorting forces, their powerfully armed destroyers having a very unusually long steaming radius, while the huge number of second-line destroyers of the flush-deck type which proved their ability during the late war would make submarine operations in the narrower seas very hazardous. In the open part of the passage the attacking submarines would be seriously handicapped by the great depth of water; it is far too deep for them to rest on the bottom when attacked so that they would have to keep their motors running all the time, betraying their position to the listening gear of the ships on the surface, until exhausted batteries forced them to come up.

THE PROBLEM *(Reproduced from the American Magazine "Life")*

in war-time. The waters where the U.S. would have to fight an offensive war in the Pacific are Japan's waters—4,500 to 6,000 perilous miles beyond Pearl Harbour. That is too far for the main fleet to go, fight, and return; its practicable battle radius (with due allowance for cruising and combat manœuvres) is 2,500 to 2,700 miles from its base. *Life* declares that Great Britain's formidable Singapore base might be available for the U.S. fleet; but it is difficult to see how this could be unless the U.S. were openly to come into the war with us! Regarding naval tactics: in a war with Japan, American cruisers, aircraft, submarines would use the main fleet as a floating base and raid Japan's trade and naval lanes. That would be a long, negative, and costly war, and would require a stupendous naval effort. If it chose, the U.S. could certainly make the effort, and in the end would probably win. What Americans are now waking up to is the fact that, in the event of war, their navy would be fully occupied in the Pacific and with the approaches to the Panama Canal whilst the British Navy policed the Atlantic and kept the enemy from her Eastern shores!

TRAINING the WOMEN:

Many of Whom are Now Capable of Taking Their Places in War-time Industry

MRS. HAWTREY: AN ACTRESS WHO HAS APPEARED IN THE WEST END, HAMMERING OUT A RIVET

MISS BOBBIE WOOD OF DULWICH. FORMERLY IN THE DRESS TRADE, SHE NOW HOPES TO OBTAIN WORK IN AN AIRCRAFT FACTORY

THE HON. THEODORA BENSON, THE WELL-KNOWN NOVELIST, OPERATING A LATHE

THE HON. MRS. CYRIL RADCLIFFE, ONE OF THE MANY WELL-KNOWN WOMEN AT LAMBETH, ANXIOUSLY WATCHES THE CUTTING LATHE

To allow relaxation for factory workers engaged in vital industries, but at the same time to keep up output on a seven-day-week basis, is believed to be the reason for Mr. Bevin's recent appeal to married women, middle-class women, and women who have never before been in a factory. The Minister appealed to such women to undertake a couple of days' work each week in munition factories. As a result applications have been pouring in from would-be women engineers who wish to receive training in a course of engineering classes at the Beaufoy Institute in Lambeth. Ninety women are now—at their own expense—taking these courses, and in two months' time they will be ready to go out to the factories

MRS. BENJAMIN (left) AND MRS. THORNTON AT WORK ON SURFACE GRINDING AT THE BEAUFOY INSTITUTE, LAMBETH

WOMEN LEARN ENGINEERING IN LANCASHIRE

Lancashire women are "going to it." Housewives, shop girls, and factory girls are now taking a course of training in engineering and management at the Openshaw Technical School to fit them as key women in the great arms drive. The course lasts for three months, and they learn to read blueprints, use callipers, micrometers, gauges, jigs, and lathes, as well as do oxy-acetylene welding

WOMEN AS MACHINE MECHANICS AT LYONS' TEA FACTORY

Women engineers are now undertaking the work of maintenance of the packaging machinery in the tea factory owned by Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd. They are replacing men who have joined the forces or who have been released by the firm for urgent national work. In the picture above, Miss M. Percy (left) and Miss P. Kennedy—two of the new style engineers—are seen at their work

CAPT. E. DESMOND McCARTHY, WHO HAS TAKEN OVER COMMAND OF THE RECOMMISSIONED CRUISER "AJAX"

H.M.S. *Ajax* flew the broad pennant of Commodore Harwood at the Battle of the River Plate, when she, in company with *Exeter* and *Achilles*, forced the pocket-battleship *Graf Spee* to her watery grave. After a spell in a British naval dockyard, she has now had her battle scars removed and has been recommissioned, and she is now on active service with the Royal Navy. Comparatively few of the officers who took part in the River Plate engagement are in her now, but about half the men have been retained. The remainder have been redistributed. Her new commander is Capt. E. Desmond McCarthy, R.N.

THE "AJAX" SAILS AGAIN

The Victor of the River Plate (with "Exeter" and "Achilles") Recommissioned for Service with the Royal Navy

THE FAMOUS RIVER PLATE CRUISER "AJAX," WHICH FOUGHT THE "GRAF SPEE," HAS BEEN RECOMMISSIONED AS ABOVE AND IS NOW SERVING AT SEA AGAIN

OFFICERS WHO SERVED IN THE BATTLE OF THE RIVER PLATE, AND NOW IN THE NEW CREW, SEEN WITH THE AUGMENTED SHIP'S BATTLE HONOURS

THE ROYAL NAVAL PATROL SERVICE — A MOTOR-BOAT ON PATROL OF THE RIVER THAMES

Every day, as dark steals over the river, motor boats set out from various landing stages between Westminster and the Thames Estuary. They patrol until dawn, challenging any craft that may try to enter London's gateway. These are members of the Royal Naval Patrol Service, manned by London yachtsmen, boat-builders and others who have had their hobbies afloat in civil life. Until June they were known as the River Emergency Service; but now they are Naval Officers and Ratings. They live on their boats all the time, sleeping only when they are alongside the pier. The essential duty of London's Navy is to see that no craft goes unchallenged at night. The Royal Naval Patrol Service watches over 20 miles of docks and 40 miles of river. The little craft seen at speed above is a 30-tonner manned by a crew of four, with a Sub-Lieutenant in charge

The COUNTRY UNDER ARMS

Pictures from Various Points Showing the Training Methods of the British Army of To-day

SAILORS IN TRAINING—A PICTURE TAKEN AT ONE OF H.M. NAVAL ESTABLISHMENTS FOR MINE-SWEEPING CREWS: A GUARD PATROL ON DUTY IN A COUNTRY LANE

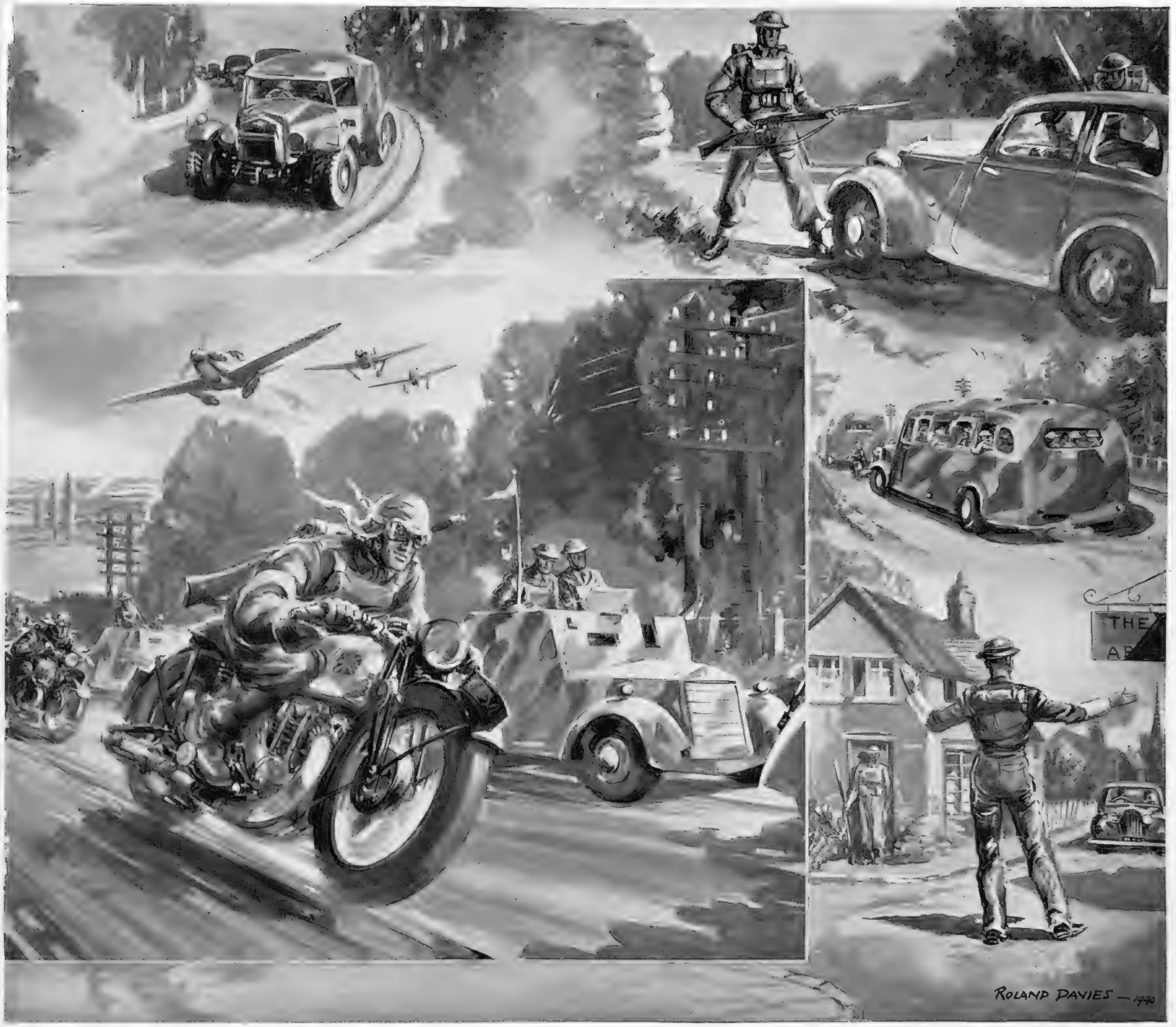
THE GREEN HOWARDS IN TRAINING: A Bren gunner and riflemen find that tufts of rough grass provide good cover. These men went through the rigours of last winter in France with the B.E.F.: they now find their summer training by the seaside much more congenial

THESE ARE THE MEN WHO ARE COMING TO THE EMPIRE'S DEFENCE—NEARLY ONE THOUSAND NEW VOLUNTEERS FOR THE A.I.F., MARCHING INTO THEIR CAMP IN AUSTRALIA TO UNDERGO TRAINING, RECEIVE A WARM WELCOME FROM THEIR BROTHERS IN ARMS

A COUNTRY UNDER ARMS—WARLIKE ACTIVITIES

The above series of drawings is a record of defence activities witnessed by our artist during the course of one afternoon's visit to a Defence Area in the Eastern Counties: it emphasises a good deal of what has been written concerning our effective preparations to deal with an invader of these shores. At some points during his tour, Mr. Davies encountered Bren guns concealed in all sorts of likely and unlikely positions; at others, civilians in cars were being

TRAINING IN THE NORTHERN COMMAND: A picture taken during a recent visit by Press representatives to an area in the North, where they saw various branches of the Services in training under active service conditions. Here a body of motor-cycle troops are seen patrolling a country road near the coast during Exercises



Drawings by Roland Davies

IN ONE STRETCH OF EASTERN COASTLAND, AS WITNESSED BY A "SPHERE" ARTIST DURING THE COURSE OF ONE AFTERNOON

stopped for an examination of their identity cards. Bren gun carriers, howitzers, and military convoys were encountered all proceeding to strategic points—either to take up pre-determined positions, or as part of a manœuvre designed to test mobility or for training purposes: large bodies of troops were seen in movement, conveyed in civilian motor coaches temporarily commandeered by the military; in the villages the Army's new corps of military Traffic Controllers were at work, smoothly facilitating the great flood of vehicles of all descriptions. At one point, an armoured convoy was moving up to a new position; military motor cyclists went hurtling past the column at top speed; and over and above all, a flight of Hurricane fighters took off from a neighbouring aerodrome. Just as the enemy was aided by the weather during his campaign in Belgium and France, so the men who are daily swelling the new Armies of Britain have been aided during this glorious summer in their training and defensive plans, until to-day our preparations have reached a very high state of efficiency indeed. *England under arms, 1940!*

THE RAIDER ON THE MOORS—WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO ENEMY TANKS: After pictures of what will happen to the enemy on our beaches and in our villages should he attempt an invasion, here is a picture taken in a typical stretch of English countryside: it shows a body of troops practising modern methods of warfare, with an improvised armoured car to serve as "tank," on a Moorland expanse in the North of England

STORM DISASTER IN SCOTLAND

News which it was Impossible to Publish at the Actual Time of the Disaster

A SCOTTISH TOWN NEARLY WASHED AWAY BY A JULY CLOUDBURST

It has only just been revealed to the outside world that the little Scottish seaport of Cromarty was nearly washed away by a violent cloudburst in the latter part of July, which did thousands of pounds worth of damage. The cloudburst hit the town without warning, and in a few minutes burns had swollen into torrents which swept through streets and houses. Before this sudden storm the above spot was a roadway at the east end of Cromarty! News concerning the weather conditions in this country is not allowed to be published till some time later owing to censorship regulations

THE SCENE OF DISASTER IN CROMARTY: Gordon's Lane, where four houses were demolished, dykes were washed away, roads blocked and the Brewert Bridge wrecked

FRENCH BOY REFUGEES, WHO MANAGED TO ESCAPE THE GERMAN INVADER, AT A BEAUTIFUL CAMP IN WALES

A large party of French boys, some of them intended as cadets at the French Military Academy of St. Cyr and at the Polytechnique, are now the guests of the Boy Scouts Association, at one of their beautiful permanent camps in Wales. All the boys are between fourteen and seventeen years of age; they arrived in this country in independent groups and after many startling adventures. Now they are exercising and camping out amidst some of the loveliest scenery in Britain

REPAIRING THE SOLES AND HEELS OF THE BRITISH ARMY

Millions of soldiers' boots are being repaired daily in London and other large centres. The Army Council are dealing with the biggest boot repairing contracts in history. Little shoemakers as well as big firms are sharing these contracts. In this picture, taken at a London depot, the loads of boots are being sorted and numbered before being sent on to the various departments for the necessary repairs

MINERS ARE HELPING LARGELY IN THE NATIONAL WAR EFFORT

England is fortunate to be so well supplied with coal—without which it is probable that the war could not be carried on. Our miners deserve all the praise that can be given them. Here a group employed in the Forest of Dean are seen on arrival at the top of the main dipples in special trolleys with peculiar slanting seats which keep the miners in an upright position during their journey up the 1½ incline

A MESSAGE TO *Leaders of Business and Finance*

THE OWNERSHIP OR CONTROL of money is at all times a grave responsibility. In this war it is a responsibility of deeper significance. It is the imperative duty of us all to place our available money at the disposal of the State in the form in which the Government needs it and at the time when it is required. To withhold it is to weaken the Country's financial fabric and thus to prolong the war. If you have money in your possession or within your control, release it. Lend it now by subscribing to National War Bonds. This is the form in which the country needs the help of its Leaders of Business and Finance — and needs it today.

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BUILDING THEIR GREAT NEW CHURCH—THE BENEDICTINE MONKS OF PRINKNASH ABBEY, GLOUCESTER: Rather more than a year before the war, the monks of Prinknash began to build a great new church. Six of them were chosen to give all their time and they are still going on day after day, tackling their immense task with quiet persistence. A survey of the surrounding countryside has revealed a good supply of the finest Cotswold stone: this has now been got out and the blocks squared. A road to the site of the new church has also been built in the face of great difficulties; and now a great cavity in the hillside indicates the site of the foundations. Despite their work, however, the six monkish builders are not allowed to forget their other duties which take up five or six hours each day in addition to the six hours they spend in the actual work of building. They rise at four o'clock and are in church some three hours before they go out to build. At mid-day they pause—not for lunch but for another hour in church, to take part in High Mass. There are two further services in the evening. In the above picture four of the six monks are seen building a shed (of concrete blocks, since timber is unobtainable) to store their tools and materials

THE FAMOUS CARPET FACTORY AT WILTON CLOSES DOWN: THE FINISHING ROOM, WITH TWO OR THREE REMAINING EMPLOYEES

THE EMPTY SHEARING ROOM AT WILTON: NOW ONLY ONE MACHINE IS WORKING AND THAT WILL CEASE SOON

The original Wilton Carpet factory, established in the seventeenth century, is now closing down owing to lack of orders. Its passing will be sorely mourned by its aged and faithful employees, only twenty of whom, out of 150, remain to finish standing orders. The romantic history of the factory began when a group of French weavers settled in Wilton, near Salisbury, under the patronage of the 8th Earl of Pembroke. In 1835 the Axminster carpet industry was transferred to Wilton, and the little town was soon famous for its excellent production of both types. Carpets have been made for the illustrious all over England; and the factory's products now grace the floors of Buckingham Palace and the Bank of England amongst others

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

THE MEMOIRS OF A GOVERNOR-GENERAL

John Buchan: Roger Fry: Some Detectives and Spies

I OUGHT to be hardened by now, but I am not. There is always a thrill in picking up a new book, fresh from the printers, and an extra excitement in getting one I have been looking forward to. I open it at random; skim; savour bits here and there, and more often than not become engrossed in a particular passage; a habit I never cease to deplore, for it often spoils by anticipation an author's carefully built-up period. Too often, and particularly in the case of an autobiography, one is apt to get an entirely false impression of the man—and his book.

In the matter of John Buchan's autobiography I may be in a large company of newspaper readers who have skimmed it in serial form. I advise them to give themselves the pleasure of reading **MEMORY HOLD-THE-DOOR** (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) and find some unexpected things in the novelist who became Lord Tweedsmuir, and one of the most popular of Canada's Governor-Generals. As George Moore once said, there is nothing like reading a book to alter one's opinion of it.

At first glance it looks like the scholarly reminiscences of a man of letters; a man who loves words, who enjoys weaving them to take the pattern of many a quotation and who employs Latin tags with the persistence of a nineteenth-century essayist. The impression gains substance (and much pleasure) from the two end chapters, entitled "Pilgrim's Rest," which are added because they were found among his papers. The alert tranquillity of the true fisherman broods over these pages; an angler who can find books in the running brooks from John Bunyan to Stewart Edward White.

The sight of a famous name or a remembered person sets one reading a well-turned biographical vignette, in which this book abounds, and of which this is a piece of a perfect specimen:—

"I am not a very tractable person or much of a hero-worshipper, but I could have followed Lawrence over the edge of the world. I loved him for himself, and also because there seemed to be reborn in him all the lost friends of my youth. If genius be, in Emerson's phrase, a 'stellar and undiminishable something,' whose origin is a mystery and whose essence cannot be defined, then he was the only man of genius I have ever known."

That is the peroration to a remarkably acute pen portrait of Colonel T. E. Lawrence, and so sincere and compelling is the tribute that one swallows it as greedily as a trout takes a mayfly. Until one reads the book.

The John Buchan of this autobiography would never have followed Lawrence anywhere, let alone over the edge of the world. John Buchan was a shrewd, tough Scot whose feet were well planted in the world he knew. He went to Oxford on a scholarship and he loved Oxford, but his heart never strayed far from the glens of the Tweed. After Oxford he became a publisher and "from Friday evening until Monday at noon I was in sanctuary at Elsfield, a minor country gentleman with a taste for letters." Elsewhere it will be found that by then he had written sixteen books!

Pinned to his bed in the first months of the last war "compelled to keep my mind off too tragic realities, I gave myself to stories of adventure. I invented a young South African called Richard Hannay, who had traits copied from my friends, and I amused myself with considering what he would do in various emergencies." *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, *Greenmantle*, and *Mr. Standfast* were the justly rewarded results.

As John Buchan went into politics because he wanted to, so he became a professional writer because that was his career. That he successfully blended the two is a great tribute to a character who touched greatness in both spheres. He was that rare phenomenon in literature, a born storyteller, but he was equally at home with contemplative prose in which reflection is undisturbed by action. He was an ideal back-bencher, yet adorned a high office to which he would never have succeeded except through politics. In this book he stands revealed as a man of sturdy, steadfast purpose, yet the very antithesis of what is known as a man of action; a man of strong will and unflinching loyalties. In such lies the genius of his race.

With **ROGER FRY: A BIOGRAPHY**, by Virginia Woolf (Hogarth Press. 12s. 6d.), one enters the rarified atmosphere of Bloomsbury and all it implies. They may not like it, although I suspect they do, but in the eyes of the general public, the school, set, or coterie who are associated with Bloomsbury appear to live not so much in an ivory tower as in an ivory fortress. Thus embattled they have ruled, for many years, the world of the arts. Their edicts are feared and respected by all but the Philistines, whom they ignore with a serene indifference. Their metropolitan horizon may be bounded by boarding-houses, the British Museum and the architectural glories of London University, but their spiritual home is Cambridge.

One of the most formidable of this hierarchy was Roger Fry. A painter who took a double first in science, he became internationally famous as an art critic. He could shatter to bits whole schools of painting and find significances in others which lifted them from comparative obscurity into the affluent attention of the sale room.

His scientific training led his rivals into paths they feared to tread, and defeated the purely literary attitudinisers all ends up. He had a charming personality and a resonant manner which brightened many a lecture room. He might have been director of the National Gallery if he hadn't been busy at the time giving some much needed direction to Pierpont Morgan's activities as a collector. He was active in the affray of the Post-Impressionists, and emerged from that battle as "the father of British painting: the leader of the rebels." He founded the Omega workshops in Fitzroy Square and was mighty pleased with the result. "We are at last," he summed it up, "becoming a little civilised." "And then, of course, the war came."

If one dares say it, Mrs. Woolf has written the perfect, the classic biography on what for her is the perfect subject. Very well then, one dares say it.

In recent years the detective novel has become stereotyped. With most practitioners of this difficult art it has developed into a sort of fox and geese game with the reader, in which all kinds of scientific knowledge have been dragged in to perplex and baffle, and to hide the solution until the right moment. In other words, the detective novel has travelled a long way from Edgar Wallace; a writer who, as some people are inclined to forget, was first and foremost a storyteller, and who sacrificed nothing of that side of his art to the ingenuities demanded of a successful detective story writer.

Recently a new name has appeared in this field, that of Georges Simenon, who resembles Wallace in two respects—the profuseness of his output and the human credibility of his characters. **MAIGRET TO THE RESCUE** (Routledge. 8s.), the latest of his books to be published in English, and admirably translated by Mr. Geoffrey Sainsbury, reintroduces his remarkable character, Inspector Maigret. Even if one happened to be uninterested in the fundamentals of criminology, Simenon can hold one's attention as a storyteller. His Maigret confounds the modern detective school by concentrating on motives; a human angle difficult to accomplish without the talent to create character in deft, economical strokes.

There are two stories in this book, each of them a gem of its kind.

Mr. Bernard Newman is a specialist in spy stories. What fun there is nowadays for so active and indefatigable a specialist. The Field Censor got so excited over the last half-dozen chapters of Mr. Newman's latest, **SIEGFRIED SPY** (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.), that he travelled 200 miles to find out what the beginning of the book was about.

Here we have the author and his old friend, Papa Pontivy, scuttling in and out of the Siegfried Line and enduring all sorts of horrid experiences in concentration camps. From the point of view of topicality and the kind of atmosphere of actual experience in which Mr. Newman likes to indulge the choice of *locale* is now perhaps a little dated. Nor do the activities of Cranbie Mackintosh and his friend Joyce, otherwise Lord Haw-Haw, wear the credible air that they might have done.

Yet it is a good, fast-moving yarn, with only just a touch of *longueur* in the forest of Warndt, so perhaps the Field Censor's journey was well rewarded.

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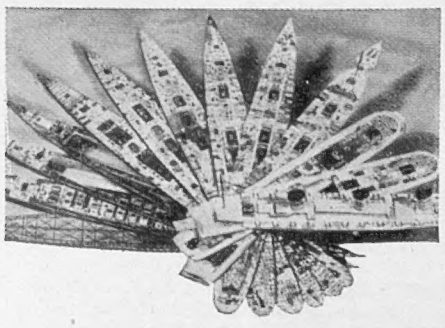

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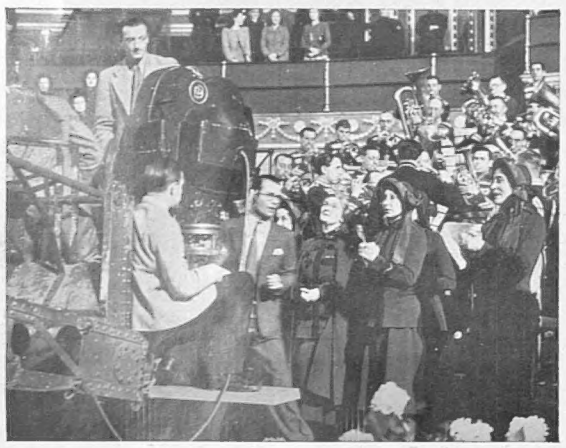
THE NEW FILMS

"MEN OF THE LIGHTSHIP": This very moving film tells the story of the bombing of the East Dudgeon Lightship by German planes on January 29 of this year. There are no professional actors in the cast. The story was reconstructed with the aid of the R.A.F.

AN HILARIOUS COLUMBIA FILM: In *My Two Husbands*, the problem is what is a wife to do when her first husband who has been reported drowned at sea turns up. Melvyn Douglas and Fred MacMurray play the two husbands and Jean Arthur the awkwardly placed wife



A "SHAW" SCENE FILMED AT THE ALBERT HALL: A scene from *Major Barbara* was filmed recently at the Albert Hall. Thousands of extras appeared as Salvationists. Sybil Thorndike is here seen facing the camera with Wendy Hiller who takes the name part

A STIRRING SCENE IN "NORTH-WEST PASSAGE": Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's technicolor production of Kenneth Robert's story. In this fine film Spencer Tracy takes the part of Major Rogers and Robert Young that of Langdon Towns

SUNSHINE IN THE BRITISH WEST INDIES

By Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys, Bart.

The house of Simon Bolivar at Caracas, Venezuela

EVERY country in the world has its own peculiar atmosphere and quality which not only means "home" to its inhabitants but makes a special appeal to some at any rate of the strangers who visit it. You may steep yourself in the history and literature of a country you have never seen, you may study with keen interest paintings and photographs of its scenery and inhabitants, but when you visit it you will receive a psychic impression of its atmosphere, which you will find impossible to communicate to another person who has not visited that country.

Of no part of the world is this more true than of the West Indies. What are the elements which combine to produce this effect? Is it the wild luxuriance of the tropical verdure, the narcotic caress of spice-laden breezes, the child-like happiness of the negroes, the murmur of the blue surf on the white beaches, or the memory of the Spanish conquistadores gazing for the first time on a world which must have seemed to them unreal in the first flush of their amazement?

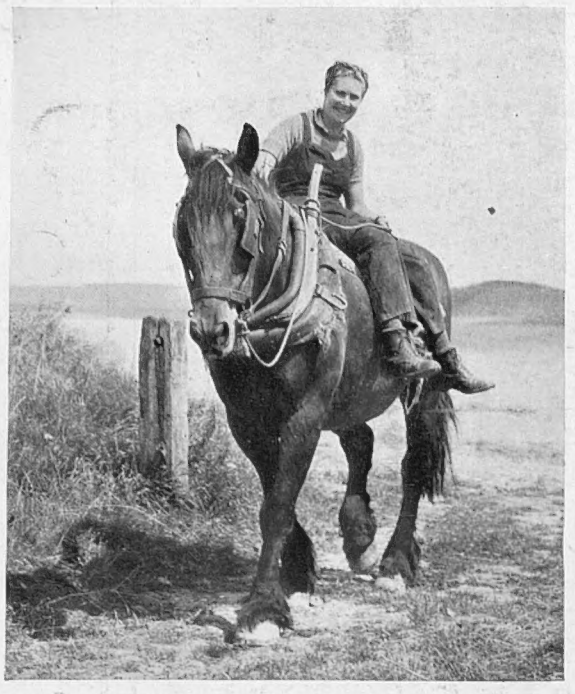
The West Indies are a treasure house for the intelligent traveller whatever his tastes. To the geologist this group of partly submerged volcanoes interspersed with coral formations offers a fascinating field for study and speculation. For the zoologist there is a varied and interesting fauna, though some species have become extinct within the memory of living man. These islands teem too with interest for the historian. Spaniards, French and British have captured and lost them, some islands changing hands many times.

Of the "original" inhabitants, the Caribs, a few are said to remain, especially on Dominica, but the present population is a reflection of the history of the islands and its variety is usually a surprise to the visitor. Not only are British, Spaniards, Portuguese, French, Octoroons and West African negroes of all types to be seen, but communities or groups of East Indians, Chinese and Corsicans are to be found on the larger islands. No wonder the government of the islands is becoming every year more difficult. It is easy for the armchair critic in England to criticise our policy there and the progress of self-government (too slow or too rapid according to the political temperament of the critic), but our governors have carried out their task splendidly on the whole, under exceptionally difficult conditions which would have disheartened men of lesser metal.

Space will only allow of a short mention of Venezuela, a flourishing republic which treasures perhaps more than any of its equally indebted neighbours proud and grateful memories of Simon Bolivar, the great Liberator of the South American Republics. Bolivar's house at Caracas is a place of pilgrimage in which the visitor is expected to pay due respect to its former great owner. The house is not large and is devoid of any very striking features, but it is beautiful in its dignified Spanish simplicity.

Caracas was founded in 1567 by Diego de Losada as Santiago de Leon de Caracas. Only 6½ miles from the port of La Guaira the electric train travels 23 miles to get there, but most travellers prefer now to climb by car along the magnificent concrete road to the pass 4,000 ft. up, from which the descent begins to the lovely valley 1,000 ft. below, in which nestles Caracas. If Venezuela were nearer England we should, I feel, all be wintering in Caracas.

Charles Kingsley's house at Port of Spain, Trinidad, in its semi-tropical setting



FROM OPERA SINGING TO FARM WORK: Miss Prudence Wood has given up her training for the opera stage for the time being. She has taken up voluntary work on a farm, to which she is here seen returning to lunch

BRITISH FASHIONS FOR AMERICAN WOMEN: A huge wardrobe of sportswear and tailor-made costumes is to go to the States, with the assistance of the Board of Trade. The American woman who has hitherto looked to Paris for her wardrobe is now turning to London

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING

Messrs. Schweppes Ltd., have been granted a Royal Warrant of Appointment, as Mineral Water manufacturers, to the King. This company was founded in England in 1794 by Jacob Schweppe, a Swiss, and warrants of appointment have been held to the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria in 1836 and, successively, to Queen Victoria, King Edward VII as Prince of Wales and King, and to King George V, an unbroken period of 104 years.

A Royal Warrant has also been granted to Messrs. W. and J. Burrow Ltd., a subsidiary of Schweppes Ltd., as Purveyors of Malvern Water to H.M. The King. This firm held a Warrant of Appointment to the late King George V from 1923.

ADOPTING BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR

The lot of the British soldier captured by the enemy is by no means an easy one. These men, accustomed to action on land, sea and in the air, are now experiencing long hours of dreary inactivity inevitable in all prison camps. All of them need occupation for the long months ahead, the means to keep fit and to keep up their spirits. It was with this idea that Miss Christine Knowles, O.B.E., founded the British Prisoners of War Books and Games Fund under the chairmanship of Sir Hugh Walpole, C.B.E. This is the only organisation providing Fiction, Travel, Biographies and other reading matter including Testaments and Prayer Books. It also supplies team and indoor games, music and musical instruments and material for Hobbies. For as little as 5s. a month it is possible to adopt a prisoner who will be supplied regularly with books, puzzles and games. Only money can be received by the Fund as stringent Government regulations forbid the acceptance of goods. All donations should be addressed to: The Honorary Treasurer, British Prisoners of War Books and Games Fund, Carrington House, Hertford Street, W.1.

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

LAST week I received an inquiry which read somewhat as follows: "I have felt it wiser because of the air raids in the South-West to cancel my usual holiday in Cornwall, and am wondering whether you can advise me as to where to stay."

It is open to doubt as to whether she appreciated the advice I gave her, for I recommended her to go to Cornwall.

It is regrettable that the Ministry of Information cannot enlighten us more on this matter of air raids. Not only does it tend to spell ruination for hotels in undisturbed neighbourhoods, but it even embarrasses the Government, as was evidenced by the letter sent by Mr. Malcolm MacDonald to parents of evacuated children which explained that air raids in Wales and the South-West were not imperilling their children.

The Devon and Cornish seaboard is as safe as any place, and a good deal safer than most, and this is a statement based on fact, not just an example of wishful thinking. If proof be needed, here are extracts from letters from some of my hotel friends living at varying points ranging from Seaton, South Devon, to Bude, North Cornwall.

From a South Devon hotelier: "The position regarding S—— is that we have had no air raids whatever, and no alarms. You can confidently tell anyone that S—— is absolutely safe. There are soldiers in the town and barbed wire along the promenade, but otherwise nothing, and bathing is still permitted."

Also from a South Devon town: "There are a great number of baseless rumours regarding air raids, but I have not heard any of the bombs they may have been said to have dropped and I assure you, you are not writing to an hotel in ruins. You are right in that you have heard we still enjoy an environment of picturesque peacefulness, sands sparkling, sun shining, and no restrictions on bathing. I appreciate your effort to educate public opinion on the comparative safety of this district, and the need for people to have a change of air, even if they have to forgo a holiday proper."

"Re raids—rumour has as usual grossly exaggerated. Some few bombs have been dropped in this area, mostly in fields, and have not done any appreciable damage. I believe one farm building was damaged and a small ship was sunk outside ——. Believe me this is true despite the fact that an evacuated school child sent a graphic letter to his parents explaining that —— beach was covered in corpses so deep that there was no time to bury them!"

From a Cornish town: "We have not had a single air raid warning here, much less any bombs. There is nothing to bomb, no industries, no military objectives, no docks. No bomb, not even a chance one, has landed within a radius of 30 miles."

From a town in North Cornwall: "To-day — is in every respect a true haven and a sanctuary; the very fact that the authorities have not considered it worth while to bother about shelters, etc., proves it. We have not had an air raid alarm at all in this area, and people here all agree that it is difficult to realise there is a war on. There are no restrictions whatever to prevent them doing anything and everything they have enjoyed in previous years while on holiday, with the added advantage of reduced terms and no holiday crowds."

And so one could go on, quoting facts as against fiction. Though most of us have had to forgo our full holiday this year, all of us need a break, and the Government recognise this. What finer recuperative air is there than the Devon or Cornish seaboard? There will be found such sunshine, scenery and sense of space and security that even the desire to turn the knob for the six o'clock news is obliterated.

Here, too, are good hotels, large and small, many of them offering June terms in August because Dame Rumour has been allowed to poison public opinion.

I will not catalogue the many hotels, inns and Guest Houses in the South West of England personally known to me, but I can visualise them as I write, some nestling amongst the palms, others, Canute-like, on the edge of picturesque Cornish coves, the sea lapping at the walls. There are others up creeks, on rocky headlands, and some so tucked away off the beaten track that I am a little dubious as to whether even I could find them in signpost-less England.

Names on request—and if you do write please give me some indication of price and district.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

A. W., Brackley.—I am glad you wrote to me; there is still a great deal of confusion as to what is, and is not, a restricted area near the South Coast. No restrictions debar you from enjoying a holiday at the Roundabout Hotel, Storrington, a very comfortable hotel, picturesquely set among Sussex gorse and pines. The Chequers at Pulborough is another place I most thoroughly recommend, or the Gate House at Midhurst.

C. V., Shifnal.—People are apt to forget that the restricted area of the Dorset coast ends at Portland, and that west of that point there are several places that can be visited. Bridport, for instance, has a most delightful guest house, "Battlecombe," where you could stay, and be extremely comfortable. Or farther west, there is Lyme Regis, where in the Highcliffe Hotel, high above the bay, you can combine sun and sea breezes with comfort and serenity.

B. C. K., Chelsea.—Yes, I agree with you, Sidmouth is a delightful place, and an excellent one for a holiday. I would suggest that you try Knowle Hotel; it stands back from the town, but if you don't care for any walking, a car runs in and out at stated times, rather less frequently than of yore, owing to petrol shortage. You will be well fed and well treated, and will have a glorious view from your bedroom window.

Y. L., Kent.—You cannot do better than visit the Devon coast; in these troublous times these Devon towns and villages have the advantages that many another place cannot offer; they have no raid alarms, and certainly no raids. Try the Rosemullion Hotel, Budleigh Salterton; a picked position, hand picked service, every comfort you can want.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters, accompanied by a 2½d. stamp for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

This Society is still efficiently carrying on in spite of the difficulties inseparable from the present time. With increased cost of living, clothing and maintenance of some 1,100 poor boys and girls, a special appeal is made to the ever benevolent readers of "The Sphere" for special donations to help meet these increased expenses. Please send your donation to the Headquarters of the Society at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, from which address they will be gratefully acknowledged.

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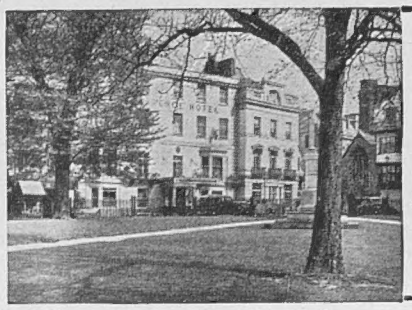
This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 1s.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as a part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



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Here is an extract from a story of an old Commander and a battered ship. He refused to be left out of the War.

"A Gift to the Nation"

By R. H. Watkins.

On the filmy edge of the fog was the submarine, black with menace, a steel thing devoid of human life. It was swinging fast. And instantly Mr. Hall got it. She was swinging to get a tube lined up on the big cargo liner already turning astern of the *St. Nicholas*. In a few moments that convoyed ship would be presenting her whole starboard side to the submarine's torpedo.

Commander Billingsby was coughing and fighting for breath.

"Ram! Ram that guy!" Mr. Hall cried. He jabbed his hand towards the sub and pinned the Cockney helmsman with his eye. "Right! Hard right! Ram that swab!"

The quartermaster gulped for air and started to spin the wheel.

"There's a chance to get him," Hall said softly, His jaw was hard. His eyes stuck out as he stared at the sub a hundred yards ahead. "Swing her!"

The old man spoke.

His voice was thin but it cut through the air much as the destroyer had slashed through the seas.

"Steady!" he commanded. "Steady as she is!"

"Steady as she is, sir!" the quartermaster repeated shrilly. He halted her slowly-turning bow.

"But——"

The thin voice silenced Mr. Hall's agonised protest. "Not enough way, Mr. Hall. We couldn't get there. But——"

The old man lifted his thin hand to indicate the big, laden freighter and then his own sorry old craft, crawling slowly in between the submarine and that huge, easy victim.

"She makes a good screen, this ship," the old man said and his eyes turned back to the periscope. Already a destroyer was poking her sharp nose through the fog ahead of them. "A good screen, Mr. Hall—and small gift—to the nation."

His war-trained eyes must have seen something about that submarine that Mr. Hall missed, for suddenly his voice quickened:

"Get the men out of the engine-room! All hands on deck!"

"All hands on deck!" bellowed Mr. Hall and dived for the engine-room speaking-tube.

He was still shouting down the tube in the wheelhouse when it happened. His eyes, turned towards the bridge, first saw Commander Billingsby's thin white hands suddenly leave the bridge rail and dart to his sides, fingers at the seams of his trousers. The small figure became stiff. Then something, sound overpowering his ears or a blast of air as solid as water, smashed down on Mr. Hall. The torpedo had hit.

When he could struggle again he managed to slide out from under a flattened section . . .

You will enjoy the whole of this story of adventure and patriotism.

From "AFTER THE WAR"

By C. Patrick Thompson

Move the eye from the current war production picture, patterned around the machine tool, to the post-war world of some distant to-morrow, and the first thing one sees is a world population capable of production beyond anything we have known so far.

The production problem, which has worried men through the centuries and the ages, is solved. In to-morrow's world we have to find the solution for distribution. Inability to solve that problem so far is the root cause of most of our troubles, from slumps and political upheavals, to Nazi-ism and the new war. It will be solved to-morrow by the creation of larger economic groupings among the nations, and, probably, considerable migratory movements.

Everything we use, wear and eat is likely to be cheaper: that is to say, people who work will get more in exchange for their toil and service of the things they want for daily living. And life will be very different; and people will not even look the same.

I made a note on that prospect a year ago, lunching with a chemical engineer in New York. He had brought along a pretty girl whom he introduced as his "laboratory mannequin." He headed a branch of the research side of a great chemical combine. In that restaurant, which was packed with women looking like fashion plates, the girl could have taken first prize for elegance. She was a vogue poem in yellow and lilac. And she was clothed completely in chemicals . . .

A very informative article in the August issue.

These too are in the AUGUST ISSUE . . .

SALUTE TO ENGLAND. By Negley Farson. From an American who took part in Britain's war, 1914-1918.

EXPORT TRADE. By Captain Frank H. Shaw. Britain's wealth streams out to all the world—submarines or not.

BOMBER ATTACK. Captain H. C. Biard puts on record the technique of the German Air Force in their drive to the Sea.

COMPLETE HOME SECTION

YOUR CHILDREN ON RATIONS. A study of food values may prove to be a good thing for the next generation.

THE HOUSE, THE INTERIOR, THE ACCESSORIES. Some interesting facts about furniture and decoration.

WHITE ELEPHANTS WITH ROSY FUTURES. Miss Winifred Lewis tells you how those pieces of Furniture left over from another Era can be utilised in many ways with little expense.

DOMESTIC ISLET
Four women, pooling functional and occupational resources, turn a country cottage and six acres into a self-contained autonomous paying unit.

FASHION REJUVENATION. By Jean Burnup. Colour experiments will help to revive the young life that is still in plenty of these tired clothes that litter up your Wardrobe.

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